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FEATURING

## MYSTERY of the OLD TIME CLUB

A STORY OF KEEN DETECTIVE WORK

BY
CAROLINE
BINGOLD

"CAUGHT WITH THE EVIDENCE," BY ETHEL ROSEMON, Will Be Our Next Feature Story


# MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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# MYSTERY OF THE OLD-TIME CLUB

## A STORY OF KEEN DETECTIVE WORK

By CAROLINE BINGOLD

### CHAPTER ONE

IT was one of those brisk mornings in early November when Victor Devon, well-known detective, swung down the busy thoroughfare in the heart of Jersey City. He was muscular, lithe and a ruddy glow tinged his tan skin. A gale of wind whistled past him, gently depriving him of his hat. It sailed high into the air, then gravitated to the gutter, where it was rescued by a passing pedestrian.

"Thanks," muttered the detective, as the stranger handed him the dust covered hat, "deuced nuisance, this wind is, anyway."

"Oh, I guess the wind's all right," replied the stranger. "It's only our attitude toward it that makes us irritable, you know." With that he passed on.

"No, I don't know," grumbled the detective, smoothing his glistening black hair and jamming the hat on his head, "but I guess you're right at that." Shoving his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, he walked on.

For the last few days he had had nothing to do, and idleness always caused a restlessness in him, like that of a hound ready for the hunt. He wanted always to be up and doing.

Reaching headquarters, he sprang lightly up the steps. The next moment he stood, saluting, before the captain.

"Anything doing to-day, captain?"

"Not so far, Tracker. Have a little patience."

"Oh, gosh! Wish something big would turn up. I'm getting tired of waiting. Guess I'll go out and look for trouble."

"Perhaps you won't have to look very hard," answered the captain, just as the phone rang at his elbow; "wait a

moment and see what this call means. Hello! Yes—what? Midnight orgies, and now a robbery? I'll send a detective down at once. Good-by."

"Where to?" asked Tracker eagerly.

"To the Old-Time Club. There have been mysterious goings on and——"

"Tracker" never waited for explanations. He had already bounded out of the door and shot down the street. This was nothing new to the neighboring folks, and whenever strangers looked surprised, the home folks would hasten to explain:

"That is Tracker, our detective. He's on the trail again."

And some little urchin standing by would throw out his chest and add:

"He's some detective too, our Tracker is."

"Tracker" Devon reached his destination in short order and sailing into the elevator he snapped:

"Third floor."

The elevator runner looked up from his paper lazily. Then recognizing Tracker, he jumped to his feet, slammed the gates, and with one jerk the elevator reached the third floor.

"Land sakes, man," said Tracker, catching his breath, "I hope you're in the habit of going down slower than you came up. I felt as though I was flying into infinity."

"Feel kind of funny myself," admitted the man. "Guess I won't try that stunt again."

As Tracker entered the club rooms he saw a young woman speaking excitedly to two men. Going up to them he said:

"Good morning! I was sent here from headquarters. What's all the trouble?"

One of the men answered:

"I'm James Keynton, the superintendent of this building. Miss Travers here has just reported the robbery of some of the club's money last night." Motioning toward the other man, he added, "And this is Mr. Stark, the watchman."

"I see," nodded Tracker. "Now, supposing you tell me all about it, Miss Travers, right from the beginning."

"I am in charge of the club," began Miss Travers. "I open the rooms at seven o'clock, and I am the last one to leave at night when I close up, at six o'clock. Now, every morning for about five weeks, I found soiled dishes on one of those large tables."

"Why didn't you report this before?" interrupted Tracker.

"Well, I thought I could find out who had been here, but nobody seemed to know. This morning, when I entered the rooms, I found the tables and chairs piled in the corner there, just as you see them. I hurried to the cashier's desk, and found that the two hundred dollars that had been left in a little safety vault were gone."

"Wasn't very safe after all," smiled Tracker. "I'll have a look at that vault, if you don't mind."

Miss Travers led him to the desk, which looked like any ordinary cashier's desk. About a foot from the floor there was a strong shelf on which rested a metal vault about a foot high, as wide as the desk itself, but occupying only the rear half of the shelf. On the floor lay several filing boxes.

"We always kept these boxes on the shelf in front of the vault to hide it from view," explained Miss Travers.

Tracker got down on his knees and examined the vault. "H'm! Quite an idea," he said at last. "Two combinations and a lock. Looks quite secure."

"Yes," answered Miss Travers. "You see, the upper combination must be worked first, then the key turned in the lock, and then the lower combination worked before the door will open. No one has a key to it but myself."

Tracker was thoughtful for a few moments then.

"I am convinced that the thieves are professionals. Only such could work those combinations successfully. I presume that it is the same gang that has been visiting the place every night for five weeks. They discovered the vault, knew that they must have a key, and proceeded to take an impression of the lock and had a key made, or, better still, had a locksmith unlock it for them." Tracker turned to the watchman, who had become extremely nervous. "Mr. Stark, when do you go on duty?"

"At six o'clock, sir, when the building closes."

"Then you are alone in the building all night?"

"Yes, until six in the morning, when the janitor goes on duty."

"Then you are the only person who would know of the midnight orgies held in this place?"

Stark turned pale.

"But I don't know, sir."

"Look on the floor! There are distinct marks that show there has been dancing. There is a player piano over in that corner which supplied the music. Do you mean to say you didn't hear the noise?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"I believe it is your duty to go through the building at certain intervals. Is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you certainly know who has been here."

"I—didn't—see any one."

"Well, I'm sorry. If you won't speak now, perhaps you will later." Going over to the phone, and at the same time keeping his eye on Stark, Tracker called headquarters. "Send up Kelly at once, captain. I have a fellow here we'll have to hold."

As he hung up the receiver Stark wailed:

"You're not going to put me under arrest, are you?"

"Sorry, old man," retorted the detective, "but it's the only thing to do. You can clear up this matter if you want to, and remember, that any time you're ready to speak, we're ready to listen."

Just then the uniformed Kelly arrived and led Stark away.

"Quite a puzzle, isn't it, Mr. Detective?" ventured Keynton, who had been silent all this while. "Can't make it out at all."

"Oh, I've handled worse puzzles than this one—halloo! here's a lady's handkerchief on the floor. Is it yours, Miss Travers?"

Miss Travers looked it over, then:

"No, it isn't mine. My! What terrible perfume was used on it!"

"Cheapest kind there is, I guess," remarked Tracker as he walked up and down and around the room scanning the floor. He was rewarded by finding one bronze and a few black wire hairpins, partly worn.

"Was any cleaning done in the room, Miss Travers, before you closed up yesterday?"

"Yes. The janitor came in at five-thirty and swept thoroughly. Nothing was found on the floor then."

"I see. Then the gang must have had their lady friends here," smiled Tracker. "I presume that light-haired ladies use bronze hairpins and dark-haired ladies use the black ones. Am I right, Miss Travers?"

"Why—yes."

"For once in my life I made the right guess concerning ladies' paraphernalia. Now, for instance, having dark brown hair you would use these black ones?"

"No, you're wrong," laughed Miss Travers. "I use brown shell hairpins."

"My stars! Then there are more kinds. Well, lucky I only have these to speculate on." He shoved the pins and handkerchief into his pocket. "Now, is there anything else, Miss Travers?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you that there were eight complete sets of soiled dishes, indicating that there were eight persons here. They did have a good feast, too! Our cupboard is completely depleted."

"Well, I'll find them, Miss Travers. Good day."

"Good luck," put in Mr. Keynton, still retaining an air of perplexity.

"I don't know whether it's so much luck as brains," returned Tracker, dryly. "Thanks, just the same."

## CHAPTER TWO

GOING down the corridor, Tracker found Joe, the elevator runner, waiting for him.

"Come right in, Mr. Detective. Thought I'd wait on this floor for you, so as to save time."

"That's right good of you—er—what's your name?"

"Just plain Joe."

"All right, Joe. Now mind you, go easy. I don't fancy the falling star sensation."

Joe chuckled to himself. Then, as they reached the main floor, "There! Wasn't that nice?"

"Great," answered Tracker.

"I hear we've had a robbery upstairs. Have you any idea who did it?"

"Not yet, Joe, but I hope to have, pretty soon."

"Well, there's all kinds of rumors going around. With poor Stark in the coop, somebody's liable to suggest that you put me there, too."

Tucker roared.

"No danger, Joe. We never put a man there without a reason. Stark is connected with this in some way."

"He was an awful nice chap to get along with," defended Joe. "I don't think he'd steal——"

"He hasn't done the stealing, but he knows who did."

Tracker lit his pipe, then stood in the entrance of the building meditating. Suddenly he was aroused by a voice at his side.

"Gee, Tracker, did you get the guy you was after?"

"Oh, hello, Bobby! No. I didn't get him yet," answered Tracker, patting a twelve-year-old boy on the back.

This youngster had helped him on several important cases.

"Gosh! I thought sure you had 'im." Bob went through the motion of shoving his hands into his sweater pockets, when he remembered that his mother had taken them off to darn the gaping holes at the elbows. After a moment of silence he asked, "Is it a murder or a robbery?"

Tracker looked amused, and as he started down the street with Bob falling into step at his side, he answered:

"Midnight feasts and a robbery, Bobby."

"Wasn't there any clues, Tracker? You know, you told me detectives always look for clues."

"That's what they do, little pal. All I found was a handkerchief and a few hairpins."

"Will you let me see them?"

"Sure."

Tracker handed them over to the youngster with a smile.

"Whew! What rotten cologne!"

"Your language is pretty strong," laughed the detective, "but not as strong as the perfume. What do you make out of the hairpins?"

"I dunno, 'cept that they're hairpins."

"Don't you observe that they're not all of the same color?"

"Oh, sure," grinned Bobby. "These are black, and this one gold——"

"You mean bronze. Now, what does this lead to? Why, the idea that there must have been a light-haired woman, and a dark-haired one."

Bobby opened his eyes in wonderment.

"Geewilikins! I never thought of that."

"If you're ever going to be a detective, Bobby, you'll have to use your brains."

The youngster handed back the clues, and they walked on in silence. As they passed one of the shop windows, Tracker heard Bob mumbling to himself.

"What did you say, Bobby?"

"Oh, I was just tellin' myself that the blue sweater's there yet. See it in that window? Ain't it swell? I've been lookin' at it every day this week." He looked down at his own dilapidated sweater, minus its pockets, darned at the elbows and frayed at the edges. "Oh, well, I don't care," he added at last, "maybe I'll get one like that some day."

"That's the right attitude, kid," replied Tracker. "Always try to be cheerful, no matter what comes. You have the makings of a man in you. Just stick to your post."

"You bet I'll stick," said Bobby stoutly.

As Tracker turned into headquarters, Bobby threw back his shoulders, and whistling one of the latest tunes, started to walk home. On his way he met some chums who wanted to play a game of marbles.

"Nix," answered Bobby. "To-day's Saturday, and I'm goin' home to help my mother. Besides, I've got to think out somethin' to help Tracker Devon."

The boys howled with glee and hooted at him. But Bobby just took up his song where he had left off, and went on his way.

That afternoon found Bobby very busy delivering papers. He had a number of steady customers, one of them being the proprietor of a rather notorious restaurant, and it was to this place that Bobby wended his way. He entered the place, and as he passed one of the tables occupied by two women, a certain odor of cheap perfume assailed his nostrils.

"Gee," he muttered to himself, but he walked on to the rear with an unconcerned air.

On his way back he glanced at the two women again.

"H'm, one light and one dark," he mumbled to himself, "dressed like circus horses, and painted like clowns."

Stopping at the side of the table Bobby went down on his knees and made a pretense at counting his papers.

The two young women were chattering like magpies.

"We sure had some swell times," the light-haired one was saying. "Was mighty good of Markurt to divvy up with us. I can get that new hat now."

"Oh, Markurt's a good kid, Nell, if you treat him right," answered the dark-haired one. Then she let out a boisterous laugh. "Wonder if that fool detective, Tracker, thinks he'll get the gang?"

Bobby bit his lip at the mention of his beloved detective's name, but kept right on counting papers.

"Huh," grunted Nell, "a swell chance he's got. Markurt's too slick for him."

"You bet he is. It will have to be some detective that gets that kid."

Just then the proprietor came along.

"Say, Bobby," he growled, "you're blockin' the aisle here. What's the matter? You've counted them papers about a dozen times."

"I know," answered Bobby, with a nod, "but I can't get straightened out. I'm short two cents, and——" here he pulled some money out of his left hand pocket and began to count it. "Nope, it don't come out right," he said, sorrowfully, at the same time hoping that old Herman wouldn't tell him to look in the other pocket.

"How much short did you say?" inquired the proprietor, impatiently.

"Two cents," replied Bobby, pulling his pocket inside-out. "Must 'ave given somebody too much change."

"Here!" and the proprietor tossed Bobby two pennies, "now you're even up. Get along with you."

Bobby picked up the money, then rose to his feet.

"Nix on that, Mr. Herman. Here, take your money. If I'm blockhead enough to make a mistake, I deserve to be out two cents. I never take charity."

Whereupon Bob Deland gathered up his papers and with his most independent air left the place.

"Now for Tracker," the youngster told himself, "but where'll I find 'im is another thing. Guess I'll make for headquarters; maybe he's there."

Bobby took to his heels and ran as he never ran before. As he made a short cut around a corner he collided with a man coming in the opposite direction.

"Ugh!" grunted the man, pausing.

"Excuse—me," stammered Bobby, at the same time struggling for his breath. Then pulling his cap away from his eyes he glanced up at the man. A pair of sparkling eyes looked down at him.

"No offense," chuckled the big fellow.

"Oh, gee, it's Tracker!" cried Bobby; "you're just the guy I wanta see. Didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Tracker" Devon roared.

"Takes more than that to hurt me, Bobby. But I ought to arrest you for speeding. It's against the law, you know."

"Listen! I've got somethin' important to tell you, but we can't talk secrets here. Some one might hear us."

"Tracker" glanced at his watch.

"Can't waste any time, Bobby——"

"Say!" broke in the indignant Bobby. "You won't be wastin' time. Just you wait till you hear this."

## CHAPTER THREE

TAKING Tracker by the arm, Bobby led him down a side street and into the vestibule of a rather dirty looking apartment house.

"Ma's out," explained the youngster, producing a bunch of keys, "and we might as well talk matters over where we won't be disturbed."

Up a flight of stairs they went and into a dingy dining-room. So this was Bobby's home! The walls were bare, but the oilcloth-covered floor and old-fashioned furniture were spotless.

"Let's sit by the table," said Bobby, feeling very important. "Now this is what I wanted to tell you. When I went to Herman's this afternoon—you know that eating place——"

"You mean Herman's restaurant? Yes, go on."

"There were two dressed-up dames in there, one light and the other dark. When I passed their table I smelled that darned old cologne—have you got that handkerchief yet?"

Tracker nodded and drew it out of his overcoat pocket. Bobby sniffed at it, then:

"Yes, siree, it's the same smell."

"You're getting on in your detective work, Bobby," laughed Tracker, "but go ahead with your story."

"Well, I gave old Herman his paper, and on my way out I stopped by the table where the two dames were jabbering and made believe I was countin' my papers."

"Good for you! What were they talking about?"

"Don't hurry me. I'm comin' to that now. They was talkin' about the good old times they was havin', and about a slick guy called—gosh! what was that name again? Mal—no, Mar—no, Mar—Mar—Markurt. That's it—Markurt."

Tracker leaned over the table eagerly and seized Bobby's arm.

"Are you sure that was the name, Bobby?"

"As sure as I'm sittin' here. What made me mad was, they was laughin' at you. Said you'd never get that guy Markurt."

"Well, we'll see about that. He's a very dangerous criminal, Bobby——"

"You've got your gun, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. Come here to me." Tracker placed his hands on the youngster's shoulders, and continued, "You're a fine little pal to have. You've given me some valuable information. I wouldn't be a bit surprised but what Markurt and his gang caused all that trouble down at the Old-Time Club. But don't say a word to any one about this."

"Oh, I don't need stickin' plaster over my mouth to keep it shut," said Bobby, proudly.

"I know you don't," laughed Tracker, giving the youngster a hearty hug. "I must be off now. We'll get some of that gang before night."

"All right. I'll go down with you. Have to hustle a bit to deliver the rest of my papers."

At the street door the two parted. Tracker went in one direction and Bobby in the other.

The detective spent the next hour looking up the police records, and found that Markurt's face was one of many that adorned the Rogue's Gallery. His record was a bad one. He had committed several robberies, and it was thought that he was connected with a case in which there was a murder and the murderer never found.

"Huh, just like the rascal," mumbled Tracker to himself, as he hastened into the police station, "to be cutting capers almost under our very noses. 'Slick and cunning' is he? Well, he won't escape this time."

"Hello, Tracker," drawled the captain. "I see your jaw is set. Any progress?"

"Yes, Markurt's in town."

The captain was up on his feet in a jiffy.

"Great guns! We'll have to work quickly to get him."

"And silently," added Tracker. "Send out a squad of plainclothes men and let them go to their posts one at a time. Such fellows as Markurt are always on the alert, and we can't afford to take a chance by arousing suspicions."

The captain carried out the detective's suggestions, and as each man went in his turn, he was given an exact description of Markurt and his character. In about half an hour the last man had left.

"Has Stark, the watchman, been grilled yet?" asked Tracker.

"Not exactly," answered the captain. "I asked him some questions when he was brought here this morning, but he refused to answer."

"Well, I'd like to question him a bit now, if you have no objections. I found in looking up the records this afternoon, that a fellow named Stark had served time for a robbery. According to the dates in the record, he's been out about five years."

"You think this watchman is that same fellow?"

"It is quite possible. I think this watchman is hiding something, and yet I think he's straight."

"Quite a paradox," smiled the captain. "How can he be an accessory to crime and yet be straight?"

"I'll be able to answer that question after I've had a little talk with him," laughed Tracker. Then soberly, "I learned that Stark has a delicate wife and two little tots. We ought to be a little easy with him."

The man hunter had a way of pleading with his eyes and now, as the captain looked up at him, he just had to give in.

"Very well. You know, the men often say that you're all heart, and I believe it. You hunt the rats down, and yet you fight for them."

"And I think I always will, captain. They must be restrained, of course, but not brutalized entirely by penal punishment. What cell is our prisoner in?"

"Number seven," replied the captain. "See what you can get out of him."

As Tracker neared the cell, he saw Stark sitting on his bench gazing at the ceiling. The detective judged him to be about thirty-five, but his face was so drawn that he looked much older. The guard unlocked the door and Tracker stepped inside.

## CHAPTER FOUR

"WELL, Stark, are you ready to tell me all about it?" asked Tracker.

The prisoner was so unnerved that his hands trembled.

"I don't know——"

"Now, now," Tracker interrupted kindly. "That's a bad beginning. You should tell me what you know. Who are you shielding?"

"No one," replied Stark, so low that Tracker hardly heard him.

The detective was silent for a few moments, then asked pointedly:

"Do you know that Markurt's in town?"

The prisoner stadted to his feet and looked at the officer wildly.

"Ah, I thought you knew him," smiled Tracker. "And you have had a little record of your own, haven't you?"

"For heaven's sake," cried Stark, "don't bring it all back to me."

"I won't," replied the detective, gently. "Come, sit down. Now you know Markurt, and he knows you. Is that right?"

"Yes," admitted Stark, trying to calm himself. "We once worked together."

"And it was Markurt and his gang who were having midnight feasts these past five weeks at the Old-Time Club. They also committed the robbery. Am I right?"

"Yes, but—I didn't help them——"

"You didn't help them take the money, but you were an accessory to the crime. You knew that was wrong, didn't you?"

"They threatened to expose me, and I could only think of my wife and little ones."

"Stark," said Tracker, putting his hands on the prisoner's shoulders, and looking into his eyes, "it's of your family that I'm thinking now. I believe you want to keep straight——"

"God only knows how much," broke in Stark, his voice trembling.

"Then I'm going to help you."

Stark looked bewildered. "You mean——"

"That I'll get you out of this mess," answered the officer with a smile that always forced others to smile, "and I'll do it now. Take your hat and come with me."

Stark grasped Tracker's hand and held it in a firm grip. "I've always heard that you were big and kind and now I know it."

"Thanks," replied Tracker. "Come along now."

As they went up to the captain's desk they heard the dangdang of a bell and the shriek of a siren outside.

"Halloo! The patrol going off, captain?" asked the detective eagerly.

"Yep," answered the captain gaily; "they got Markurt and two of his gang. Had a little tussle, though. Nielson was shot through the arm." Then noticing Stark, "Halloo! What in the name of goodness——"

"Oh, it's all right," Tracker informed the captain. "Stark has told me all he knows about the affair, and I'm convinced that we should let him go. He's needed very badly at home."

"Oh, the devil take it," grinned the captain, "I always do as you want me to, somehow or other. Very well, we won't hold Mr. Stark for a hearing. He is at liberty to go."

Just then the patrol returned with some new prisoners. "Here, Stark," cautioned Tracker, "step into the adjoining room. No need of Markurt seeing you here."

Stark obeyed with alacrity, and the door had no sooner closed upon him when Markurt and two of his associates were brought in.

"Caught them down at Reilly's café, captain," announced one of the patrolmen.

"And a good catch, too," smiled the captain, complacently. "Well, Markurt. What have you to say for yourself? Are you going to deny the robbery down at the Old-Time Club?"

Markurt, a typical gangster, glowered at the captain. "No, I'm not," he snapped. Then turning to Tracker, he snarled, "You seem to be a little smarter than the rest of your sort. And to think you got me on such a little job as two hundred dollars. Huh!"

The detective bowed courteously.

"Thank you for your compliment, most distinguished sir. I'm sorry to have wounded you so deeply."

Here an interruption took place. Two more patrolmen came in accompanied by two young women. Bobby, who had been standing outside ever since the patrol arrived, slipped in with them. He recognized the two girls as the ones whose conversation he had overheard in Herman's restaurant, and he just couldn't stay on the outside any longer. He had to see what was going on.

"Two more of the Markurt gang," one of the patrolmen informed the captain, "and three more fellows are on the way."

"Good work!" exclaimed the captain.

"Fine!" sneered Markurt. "I suppose the watchman squealed."

"Wouldn't open his mouth," replied the captain. "Detective Devon found out through other means."

"Oh, did he?" And Markurt glared at the detective.

Tracker smiled serenely, while the captain ordered the prisoners taken to their cells. Stark emerged from the ante-room and Bobby slipped up to Tracker. Grasping the detective's arm, he looked up at him and grinned.

"Say," sang out the captain, "has that kid been in here all this while."

"Pretty near," laughed Tracker. "Let me introduce you. This is Bobby Blake, the juvenile detective. He's the one who gave me the tip that Markurt was in town."

"What!" exclaimed the captain, in astonishment. "This child?"

"Oh, you don't know what a clever little youngster he is," answered Tracker. Then he told the captain about the restaurant episode. In the meanwhile Bobby expanded his chest and felt very important.

"Well, well! Shake hands, Bobby," said the captain, stepping down from the desk. Then diving into his pocket he pulled out a crisp two-dollar bill and handed it to the youngster. "The first salary of our first juvenile detective," he laughed.

Bobby looked up at Tracker, tears glistening in his eyes.

"But—but—did I earn it?" he blurted out at last.

"You certainly earned it, Bobby," Tracker assured him. "Come along now. You, too, Stark."

"Where we going?" asked Bobby, proudly tucking away the two-dollar bill.

"Mr. Stark is going home. You and I will go down the street and buy that nice blue sweater you've wanted all week."

Bobby stopped short in his tracks, his eyes as big as saucers. "Gee, did I earn that, too?"

"And a few other things that you need. Coming?"

"You bet I'm coming," answered Bobby, emphatically. "Coming right now."

The next moment they were gone, and the captain sat alone, silently staring at the closed door. He heaved a sigh, smiled, then bent to his work once more.

---

**We have some startling detective stories in preparation. Watch for the next number of this magazine. It will interest you tremendously.**

---

# FOSSIL EGGS TELL STORY OF AGES

A PROSPECTOR examining the stones in the Gila River in Arizona came upon a water worn pebble five inches in diameter. He cracked off a fragment with his pick and discovered a fossil egg inside. The specimen came into the hands of a gentleman in California, who brought it to the attention of scientific experts.

The chief point of interest from a scientific standpoint is the fact that the contents of the egg had been converted into a bituminous substance resembling asphalt, thus supporting the hypothesis that bitumen is derived from animal remains.

The egg is quite large—as large as that of a duck or goose—and resembling most closely the egg of a cormorant. It is so perfectly preserved as to show that it must have been completely embedded very shortly after it was laid in the substance that afterward consolidated into limestone. Thus we have a representation of an event that happened thousands and thousands of years ago.

A bird of the size of a cormorant or goose laid this precious egg, which by some mischance tumbled into the water, or at all events into the soft ooze of which limestone is formed, with sufficient force to become completely embedded in the ooze and thus protected. For countless years this ooze continued to be formed on top, and at last the whole became consolidated into limestone. Then the limestone was lifted from its watery bed by volcanic or other action and became a portion of a mountain range. Then erosion began. Through the agencies of frost and rain, sunshine and cold, fragments of limestone were broken off, until at last the egg was reached and the fragments containing it fell into one of the gullies that feed the Gila River.

There in flood time it was rolled over and over, amid a multitude of other stones, small and large, until all its angles were rubbed off and it became a water worn pebble in a mountain stream, moving downward when the floods came in sufficient volume to stir it from its resting place, and then a prospector, searching for gold or other mineral, found it and cracked it with his geologic pick, exposing one end of the egg.

'Twas a wonderful history. But still more wonderful is the thought of the thousands and thousands of years that must have elapsed between the day when the egg fell into the water and became embedded and the day when it next met the light, as a fossil, in the hands of man.

# SCIENTIST LODGE WARNS OF FAKE MEDIUMS

CONVINCED that death makes no sudden change, Sir Oliver Lodge began a tour of this country and Canada to explain his beliefs in communication between the dead and living. He arrived on the *Lapland* recently, and it is his first visit since 1884. A tall, gray bearded man, he is sixty-nine years old and speaks without reserve.

He said his son, killed in the war, was pleased recently to learn his father was coming to America, and felt he might do good here. Sir Oliver comes to say that "the survival of man can be proved and that perception will strengthen the hands of true religion."

He believes the next world may not be different from this one, and tells of departed friends who have talked to him of trees, flowers and animals they observe, but thinks they may be describing "this side seen from another point of view," rather than "another world."

"Our bodies are composed of matter and ether. The material part wears out after seventy-odd years, but the ethereal part does not wear out and that continues."

With Sir Oliver the life beyond is no vague, scriptural phrase and there is no break between here and somewhere else. Of the ouija board he said:

"That is a question of the force of the mind which uses it. The instument cannot be condemned. Persons of weak mind should leave it alone.

"But another message of mine is that our senses are no criterion of existence. They were evolved for earthly reasons, not for purposes of philosophy, and if we refuse to go beyond the direct evidence of our senses we shall narrow our outlook on the universe to a hopeless and almost imbecile extent.

"I have no sympathy with denial of the material universe, though I admit that the spiritual universe is so much more important that a little over-emphasis on that side may be pardoned. I want people to accept the totality of things and not to neglect one side in order to emphasize the other. Let us see life sanely, and see it whole."

He was asked how to tell a true medium from a false one.

"You must judge them by their fruits," Sir Oliver answered. "I have not come across any fraudulent mediums, but I am told there are some. I believe all who take up Spiritualism in a professional way have some power.

"Men lost in the war cannot be summoned," he said, "but the mediums have given an opportunity for them to appear and we have put messages through. I have never acted as a medium; I have no power.

"The link is the affection. Love is the strongest force, and that causes the boy to answer. Some pet name may summon him. 'Hello, Herb!' brought one boy."

# AN ODD SLEEVE-BUTTON

By JENNIE L. TAYLOR

## PART FIRST.

AMONG the female detectives employed on special occasions by a certain agency with which I was one time connected was one who was called among us Bess. What her real name was I am not sure any of us really knew. But she was a grand young woman, dark and handsome, as brave as a lioness and as keen as a fox. It was to her that the chief thought best to intrust the case.

For the detective had been secured to establish the innocence of a man who already stood in the shadow of the electric chair—of a man who had been adjudged guilty and had been condemned to death.

The man, whom we will call Volney Vane, was not more than twenty-six or -seven years of age, and the crime which he was to expiate with his life was that of deliberately ending the existence of his own brother.

The brother was younger, unmarried, an incurable invalid and the possess of qquite a large fortune, which would revert to Volney as the nearest relative. There had not been a flaw of evidence in Volney's favor. He had been always considered rather wild, and had already squandered his share of the family wealth. He was known to have quarreled fiercely on several occasions with his brother, who seemed to have been a severe and niggardly sort of person, and who improved every opportunity to taunt him with his follies. He was harassed with debts and desperately in need of money, which his brother refused to supply.

The evidence of motive and provocation had been complete, and so, too, seemed the direct evidence of the crime itself.

There was testimony of a quarrel fiercer than usual, and of Volney's excited retorts—which, if not meant as threats, had at least been so construed. And at midnight of the same evening a cry for help, and then the sharp report of a pistol in the invalid brother's room, had aroused the inmates of the house. The half dozen witnesses who had hurried to the scene found Volney standing over the dead body of his brother, holding a still smoking weapon and looking like one dazed.

Volney claimed to have returned to make one more appeal for the money, which had been refused him. As he entered the room his brother was writhing in one of the spasms of torturing pain which were features of the young man's incurable affliction. He stepped to a closet, where a particular medicine for the emergency was kept, and as he did so his brother snatched a pistol from beneath a pillow and fired the shot which was to end a physical suffering no longer bearable.

That was Volney's explanation, to which he stoutly adhered from first to last.

"The cry for help was shouted by some person outside the door, which I had not closed," Volney declared. "As I rushed back to the bed that person seized the pistol from my brother's hand and thrust it into mine, and then dashed out of the room for assistance, as I supposed. The light was turned low, and I was too excited to see who the person was. And whoever he was he can clear me from this horrible charge if he will come forward."

But no such individual ever came forward; he was believed to be a myth, and Volney's explanation only a preposterous and clumsy fiction.

Only the lawyer who had defended him at the trial believed him innocent; and it was this gentleman who had secured a detective to save him if possible.

Bess had been detailed upon the case for various reasons. One of these reasons was that she chanced to have been stopping for a few days in the house where the tragedy occurred. She was among the startled inmates who hurried to the room at the sound of the fatal shot.

She coincided with the lawyer's opinion, and believed that a guiltless man had been convicted. In the midst of the confusion she had noted every detail of room, furniture and occupants, and believed that some as yet unknown person had entered the chamber precisely as Volney described.

While the others were gathering in consternation about the dead man she had picked up from the floor a linen cuff stained with blood still wet and warm. The cuff was unbuttoned; the cuff itself was extremely small, and of a peculiar kind and make. It was a tiny star of silver, with a diamond at each of the six points and in the center an opal.

"My theory is," Bess said to me, "that the small button had become loose, and that when this person reached across Volney to transfer the pistol to his hand the cuff was brushed from the extended wrist and fell to the floor."

The button could not be matched by any among the effects of the dead man, nor had any like it ever been noticed in Volney's possession.

And so, with only the odd diamond and opal star for a clue, Bess undertook the case.

But weeks passed and the clue resulted in nothing favorable to the doomed man.

No jeweler in the city could recall having manufactured or sold a pair of sleeve-buttons of that sort.

"I am of the opinion it came from the firm of Argent & Rubes, Boston. There is a mark in the shank which I think theirs," one of the jewelers told her.

Bess was indefatigable, and the lawyer had placed unlimited funds at her command.

"I think I will go to Boston," she said to me.

"Telegraph to our agency there," I advised.

She did so, and an answer was sent back without unnecessary delay.

"Such a button was made at the order of a gentleman, name not ascertained. He was a tall man, blond and thin. That is all which can be learned about him."

Accident not long afterward afforded her another possible clue to the remarkable button. She was spending a holiday with a relative in a fashionable town on the Erie road not many miles from New York. Late in the afternoon she was crossing a private park when an equestrienne of striking appearance cantered into view. At the moment Bess carelessly noticed that the lady had been saluted by a young gentleman who was strolling along just ahead with a gun on his shoulder and two magnificent pointers at his heels. But as the equestrienne and groom neared and passed her Bess started violently.

The narrow white collar at the young lady's throat was fastened by a star of diamonds with an opal center. There was no mistaking an ornament of that uncommon and peculiar style; it was the mate of the one picked up in the room of the man believed to have been murdered.

Bess controlled her excitement. She was equal to the emergency, and quietly quickened her steps, and in half an instant she had overtaken the young gentleman whom she had observed to salute the equestrienne.

"Will you kindly tell me the name of that beautiful girl on horseback?" the detective asked as she intercepted him.

"Certainly," said he, doffing his shooting cap respectfully. "That is Miss Gladys Glynne, one of the reigning beauties of the city."

Detective Bess thanked him and continued her walk.

"Gladys Glynne," she repeated to herself. "That is the girl who was engaged to Volney Vane."

Had Volney by some means obtained the cuff and dropped it in the fatal room to divert suspicion from himself? Perhaps he was guilty after all. Certainly the surgical expert had declared it scarcely possible that the shot could have been fired by the invalid himself. And Volney had been adjudged the criminal by a lenient judge and an impartial jury.

Her next attempt in sifting the mystery was to gain access to Miss Glynne's home, and this she accomplished without difficulty.

The beauty had severed all relations with her disgraced lover, and had transferred her smiles to another. Preparations for her marriage were being made; her French maid had complained at the added duties and asked for an assistant.

By a little strategy Bess secured the position, and it was not long before she had succeeded in establishing a very satisfactory confidence between herself and Miss Glynne.

"Mam'selle will pardon the admiring I do so much have for the collar stud, so fine, so pretty," she took occasion to observe one evening.

Bess had introduced herself as the widow of a French nobleman, a stranger in the city, and reduced by adverse circumstances to the extremity of seeking a situation.

"Yes, it is rather pretty. It is one of a pair of sleeve-buttons Mr. Hadding had made for him in Boston. He lost the mate of it on the train," Miss Glynne answered carelessly.

Bess had not heard the name of the affianced gentleman before. At the mention of it now she could hardly restrain a cry of satisfaction at her discovery.

For Jack Hadding was the cousin of Volney Vane—the only remaining relative in fact—and had already advanced his claim for the wealth which would have reverted to the condemned young man. She felt she had struck the trail. And yet the button itself would not prove the truth of Volney's singular story.

She must unearth other evidence.

That was but one link of the chain, and many more must be forged before justice would again listen to anything in behalf of the unfortunate young fellow.

"And is this he—the happy monsieur, with the face so—so of the high-bred—how you say?" Bess said in her best French dialect as she gazed with new interest at a portrait on ivory which graced the dressing-table.

"That is Jack. He was always fond of me, poor fellow, and he has got me at last," laughed the girl.

"Ah, he is so like—so like he is—pardon, mam'selle—to the one gentleman of the fate so sad—his cousin who put the pistol shot at the heart, and so die in the house the same where I board the once for a day. I go there never more—the memory kill me with fright," Bess said very innocently.

"His cousin! May I ask how you know Mr. Hadding is a relative of Volney Vane?" was the haughty question of Miss Glynne, whose face had turned crimson.

"Ah, I see it, do I not, here in the picture so like?" Bess lisped demurely.

There was a resemblance, certainly, between Jack Hadding and the invalid cousin, for whose death Volney Vane had been doomed.

Just then the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Jack Hadding himself. He had been admitted for a morning call into Miss Glynne's charming boudoir.

Bess did not fail to note that he looked startled when he saw her.

Again and again his eyes furtively sought her face with a glance full of curiosity, suspicion and menace.

"Who is that woman?" she heard him ask his betrothed, as the two were holding a tête-à-tête in the rose-and-gold boudoir divided only by a portiere from the room wherein she was occupied with some sort of needlework.

Miss Glynne explained that the woman had been introduced to her consideration as a very worthy person.

"Send her away. She is an impostor, I'll swear," Bess heard him reply.

That evening she came to me with her report.

"There isn't in my mind a particle of doubt of Jack Hadding being the person who saw the fatal shot fired," she said in conclusion.

"You think he can clear Volney if he would?"

"I am convinced of it."

"But, my dear girl, in the name of all that is honorable, why did he not come forward at the first?"

"He has always wanted Gladys Glynne; he perhaps has coveted the Vane wealth. With Volney out of the way he would get both."

"But how could he have got in and out of the house that night without being seen or heard by somebody?"

"He must have been close behind Volney. You remember Volney was not positive about having closed the front door. It was easy enough for him to walk out unnoticed in the excitement."

"That's true."

"You must help me," said Bess. "You must ascertain whether he arrived at the date he claims or on the steamer preceding it."

"Any more orders?"

"Yes. I have had a dozen duplicates of that picture struck off. Send one to our London agency and inquire if somebody of that particular physiognomy is not wanted there for something."

"Jack Hadding would not be apt to endanger his social position by any open transgression of law and order."

"Only a desperate want of money can account for his haste in pressing his claim to the Vane fortune. There may be debts of honor or something worse to settle at once if he would keep his social position."

"Your woman's wit is leading you to extraordinary suppositions."

"My woman's wit never played me false yet. Only a villain, double-dyed, would stand in silence and see a man hung when a word could save him. To save Volney we must force the word from Hadding by unearthing his record."

"I see."

"He must be traced step by step, too, from the time he left the steamer until he stood outside the open door of the room where the tragedy was enacted. I depend on you

for that; I have some interesting embroidery to finish for Miss Glynne."

"When will this most interesting work be completed?"

"The instant I can get the tell-tale button safe in my possession I shall take French leave."

"The doubled-dyed villain may suspect something and trap you."

Bess looked thoughtful.

"I think he does suspect," she said with flashing eyes. "And I think, too, he would give me a cup of cold poison or throw me in the river if he got a chance."

It was just turning dark when she left me.

And with some sudden, unaccountable feeling that she might be waylaid even at my own door, I, too, arose and stepped down to the sidewalk.

The street lamps had not yet been lighted, and through the obscurity of a thick gray drizzle I could just distinguish her tall form already half a block away.

Even as I looked after her I saw two figures emerge from a narrow alley she had just passed; I heard a stifled cry and a sharp clash as if some metallic substance had been thrown violently upon the flagging.

The next instant a taxicab dashed out of the gloom, and the two figures disappeared inside, thrusting another in before them.

Then there was the sharp roar from the cutout, the rattle of wheels, and the taxi had vanished down the street —which in that neighborhood at that hour was always almost deserted by pedestrians.

Of course, I had rushed toward the spot with all possible speed, and of course it had not been possible for me to reach the place in time to interfere.

The taxi was out of sight.

And the dainty little revolver which Bess always carried, and which had been flung upon the stone flagging, was all there was to tell that she had been overpowered and driven away.

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## PART SECOND.

I WILL relate the thrilling experience of that evening as our lady detective afterwards related it to me.

Bess had not been in the least prepared for any such desperate encounter. She had noticed the figures skulking from the alleyway, but it was more by habit and instinct than in fear that she had made ready her revolver. She had barely realized that they meant mischief when they were upon her.

The sound I heard of some metallic substance striking violently on the flagging was caused by one of them dashing the weapon from her hands.

At the same instant the other, who was a woman, flung a heavy cloak adroitly over her head and face, and so stifled her impulsive cry.

The man had the muscles of a giant, the woman had the wiry grip of a cobra, and before she had breath or thought to resist she was thrust inside the taxi.

When she realized that she was overpowered she feigned insensibility.

She believed she was in no immediate danger of bodily injury, and she was cool and brave enough to counterfeit a swoon admirably.

"I knew there wasn't a bit of use in raging and struggling, and so I just played possum," she said to me afterward.

As the taxi rattled away she allowed herself to lie a dead weight in their arms.

"Hang it all, if she hain't fainted!" the man grumbled.

"So much the better," said the woman. "We'll have less bother in getting what we are after."

What they were after was evidently plunder. They emptied the little shopping affair of alligator leather she happened to have with her, and tossed out handkerchief, note-book, a common lead pencil and a tiny beaded purse.

The latter contained less than a quarter.

"The money must be somewhere about her," said the woman.

"'Tain't likely she'd carry enough to buy out Vanderbilt in an alligator bag," muttered the man.

They searched her garments—even her boots, her bonnet, and even the braids of her hair.

But as far as money or valuables was concerned Bess had been a poor investment of time and trouble.

"She hain't a dollar's worth of anything about her. Even her bracelets are nothing but plate," the woman at last said in disgust.

"It was all that guy's blarney to git us into it, and to git her out of the way for something."

"If she don't come to we must drop her somewhere."

"He give me the railroad ticket to put her aboard the train, and I am goin' ter do it."

"She can't be put aboard the train in this condition. A swallow of booze will bring her to. Where's the flask he give you?"

"What he gave me was to quiet her, and she's quiet enough now, I reckon."

While this interesting conversation was in progress Bess lay limp, motionless and to all appearance breathless.

"I ain't a-goin' aboard no train with somebody as limp and helpless as a dead corpse. You just stop somewhere and git something to put life into her again."

"All right, kid. If yer speaking a word for her and two fur yerself I stop right here. Me pard at de wheel kin go wid ye, and I'll stand guard while yer gone."

The taxicab was presently halted at the entrance of an ordinary drinking place at the end of a short block of old-fashioned, two-story brick houses. It was now something past ten o'clock, and there was not a soul visible the entire length of the block. The night was pitchy dark, the rain was falling in torrents, and the street lamps flared and flickered with an uncertain light, which only made the darkness more intense.

The woman drew her waterproof more closely about her and made her way to the sidewalk.

The chauffeur joined her and both disappeared within the saloon.

Bess had managed to loosen the folds of the heavy cloak, adjust it in an advantageous position, and she managed also to abstract a pistol from the hip pocket of the man beside her.

The instant the couple were safely out of sight she slipped from the opposite door of the taxicab. With the rapidity of a lightning flash she turned and covered the man with her weapon.

"Make one call or one move and you drop," she said in a terrible whisper.

"Great Scott, if it ain't Bess!" he muttered, with a stare of recognition.

"Yes, I believe I have had a slight previous acquaintance with you and the lady with you," said the detective.

The couple had once been caught and caged through certain discoveries she had made on a previous occasion.

"There ain't much use in denying nor not denying now you've got the drop on me," he replied doggedly.

"Who put up this job?" she demanded.

"Hanged if I know," said he. "Me and me old girl were having a sup of lager at a place on de other side, when the guy walks in and sits down to our table, ordering a bottle of wine at his expense. We wasn't refusing the wine and supper wid it, not being flush ourselves and business bad."

"Go on."

"Well, the feller said he'd put us in the way of a big haul. There was nothing to do but pay our compliments to a half-crazy young lady who was in the habit of wandering round alone at night with a few thousand bucks loose in her pocket."

"And she had her wits about her after all," said Bess, smiling at his abject terror.

"You're the gritty one—there's no denying that, miss. But I thought 'twould be a risky job, and I said we'd be jugged sure. But the wine and his chinning was too much for me conscience, specially when there was the prospect of a few thousand beans when me and me old girl hadn't a red cent."

"And you were to put me aboard a train?"

"Aboard a train for San Francisco, miss. The guy was to meet us at the depot and put you on a sleeper himself. You wouldn't have woke up for a spell I reckon. He didn't mean to hurt ye, miss, I'm thinking; he just wanted to get ye out of the way for a spell. He had the ticket and the taxicab ready, and he pointed ye out to us. And there ain't no more to tell, not if ye put the lead through me this minute."

"I shan't hurt you unless you tempt me," said Bess, walking coolly away just as the woman and chauffeur appeared on the opposite side. A minute's walk brought her to a line of surface cars, and in three-quarters of an hour later she entered the Glynne mansion. Of course, she had every reason to believe that Jack Hadding was the individual who had plotted to force her out of the city for a time.

And why did he fear her if he were not a crook?

Why would he desire his cousin Volney's disgrace and death, if he were not playing for desperate stakes? With Volney's young life ended in the electric chair, the Vane fortune would be his. With that wealth, and with the aristocratic heiress, Gladys Glynne, once his wife, he could laugh defiance at any suspicion whispered against him. And in the meantime the fatal Friday was creeping on apace, and no new disclosures had been made which the lawyer deemed sufficient to warrant interference. I learned, however, that Hadding had not arrived on the date he claimed—a date some days after the tragedy had taken place. He was a passenger on a steamer which had come in several days before that sad occurrence. The interval of a week or more he had spent in seclusion from all his fashionable acquaintances and had lodged and taken his meals at a third-rate hotel in the vicinity of one of the West Side ferries.

All this suggested that he had been in straits about raising ready money, or that he was biding his time for some purpose yet to be revealed. But if the difficulty had been about money how had he succeeded in suddenly appearing in society as a dashing young gentleman of unlimited means?

I had been quietly shadowing his movements for several days, when one morning I saw him enter a bank building. I followed him inside, and while I was apparently scribbling at one of the desks I saw him present a check to the teller which the latter promptly cashed. Hadding transferred the roll of bills to his wallet, and went out whistling, but the moment he was gone I went over to the teller's window.

"Will you allow me to look at the check you just cashed for that gentleman?" I asked.

The teller knew me, and without a word but with a glance of some wonder he passed it over.

The check had been filled out and signed apparently by Hadding's dead cousin, and it was indorsed by the name Joel Glynne.

"Are you convinced these signatures are genuine?" I inquired.

"Why, certainly. We should not have received the check otherwise," the teller answered with some indignation.

"Will you allow me to keep this for a couple of hours? I want to see if it's a forgery."

"It wouldn't be quite regular, sir. But if you have good reasons, perhaps there would be no objection."

With the check in my vest pocket I went straight to Mr. Glynne's business office, which was not far away. The gentleman had not come down. If the matter was urgent I had best go up to his house, where I should certainly find him.

I jumped into a taxicab, and in less than half an hour was ushered into the presence of a mild-looking old gentleman who was enjoying his breakfast and morning paper.

"I haven't felt like going downtown to-day; one grows lazy as one grows old," he smiled pleasantly. "I suppose you have come to remind me of some neglected business matter?"

"Is this your indorsement?" I inquired, as I laid the check before him.

Mr. Glynne looked at it, turned it over, put on his glasses and looked again.

"No!" he thundered as he flung it wrathfully down. "The infernal scoundrel, and he is about to be married to my daughter!"

"For your daughter's sake you won't want any unnecessary noise about the matter," said I. "You had better say nothing and let me act for the good of all concerned. I am working to save an innocent man from the hangman's rope."

Meanwhile Bess had been performing the duties of assistant maid to the charming Miss Gladys. If Jack Hadding felt any amazement at her return he was guarded enough not to betray it.

And if she knew there was a scowl of menace beneath his haughty mask whenever he chanced to meet her in the halls or in Miss Gladys's boudoir, she did not mind. Bess did not know the meaning of the word fear. It was not until the morning I detected the forgery of the check that she had managed to get the button in her possession. Her intention was to turn it over to me or to Volney Vane's lawyer, and to remain with Miss Glynne until she could leave in a manner not to excite comment.

Opportunity seemed to favor her.

That very morning Miss Glynne had asked her to exchange an ornamental box which had been purchased at a popular store.

Bess would have plenty of time to deliver the star of diamonds and opal to Volney's lawyer and to execute the errand also. She had stepped into the back drawing-room for something and had placed the box with her bonnet upon a table. Bess was bending over the table, holding the odd button lightly in the palm of one hand, when stealthy footsteps crossed the carpet, and Jack Hadding stood glaring upon her.

"I have reason to believe you are carrying away something which does not belong to you. A valuable diamond collar stud has been missing. Where is it?" he said in tones husky with rage.

Bess drew the box toward her as if to intimate it was there. But at the same instant, by an unnoticed move-

ment, she lifted her free hand to her face and conveyed the button to her mouth.

She saw that Hadding had read her purpose, and she knew he meant to frustrate her plans by some measure, however desperate.

"So the jewel you have stolen is in the box, is it?" he hissed as he pushed her aside so rudely that she stumbled backward, falling upon an ottoman behind her. Choking with anger and dread of his guessing where the jewel really was, the lady detective covered her face with her hands and let him search the box.

"If the jewel is not here, if you will not produce it, madam, I shall hand you over to an officer," Hadding threatened as he glared in fury upon Bess and vainly rummaged the box.

"No, you won't, because you dare not," said Bess, abruptly rising to her feet and sternly confronting him. "You do not wrong your fellow creatures in that open fashion, Jack Hadding. You work in darkness. We will let the farce end here, Hadding. I have the button, and I also have its mate—I picked it up in the room where your cousin died a suicide, and I am prepared to denounce you for criminally withholding the testimony of what you witnessed on that fatal night, and also as being the instigator of a certain attempted abduction."

His restrained but furious tones had penetrated the study where I had just shown the forged check to Mr. Gynne. In fact, we had both started in the direction of the back room, and Bess had caught my eye before she ventured to astound him with her knowledge of his crimes.

"You will be obliged to come with me, Mr. Hadding," said I, walking forward. "There is a little matter of check forgeries to be explained."

When he saw that the father of his betrothed bride had become aware of his guilt his whole aspect changed. His thin features turned to the hue of ashes; his eyes flamed with sullen despair.

With a frantic glance toward Mr. Glynne, he suddenly flashed a pistol into sight and turned the muzzle against his heart. I snatched the weapon from his frenzied grasp.

"The world can't afford to lose you just yet," I said calmly. "We want you to live long enough to confess the truth about your cousin's suicide and to save Volney from an undeserved fate."

And he did ultimately make a clear and convincing statement of the whole truth.

He had entangled himself in some gambling scrape in London, where he had already spent what little fortune of his own he had to spend, and arrived in his native city almost penniless, and had sought the house where his rich cousin resided with the same motive which had brought Volney thither. Then he went to beg a loan of money for his present wants. Volney had left the front door ajar, and he followed the young man without any person noticing him. Just as he was about to speak and make his presence known the invalid, crazed with pain, snatched the pistol from beneath the pillow and fired the mortal shot. In that second an irresistible temptation darted through his brain. While Volney stood dazed at the suicide he sprang forward, effected the transfer of the fatal weapon and seized a check book which lay open on a table beneath the gas-jet.

Outside the door he uttered a cry for help, and when the inmates of the house had been attracted to the room it was easy to make his exit unobserved. He had always hated Volney Vane as his rival in the affections of Gladys Glynne, whom he madly loved. To obtain the Vane fortune and the hand of Gladys by ruining his rival had been his design, as Bess had correctly determined in the beginning.

Only for her keen and untiring detective work, aided by the odd sleeve-button for a clue, Volney Vane would never have been saved from execution.

## GHOST BAFFLES COPS

A NEW angle appeared in the "haunted" house mystery, which has baffled the Milwaukee Police Department. At the appointed hour, 11 o'clock, at which time the "ghost" begins his nightly party in the house on Hubbard street, a green light was seen hovering over the building which alternately lighted and went out. The furnace door also is afflicted. It continually opens and closes without any apparent aid, internal or external. This is what astonishes them.

The police are more dumbfounded than ever. With two in each room and a cordon of detectives thrown around the house, the weird, ghostly noises continue. A salvo of booms and bangs, with screaming like that of a child, which makes the house shake at its very foundations, constitutes friend ghost's principal workout. Then he gets into the telephone and ha ha's every one trying to get a number.

More uncanny than the booming and banging are the whistling and whirring which precede every attack with military precision. Three low whistles from under the rugs and behind the pictures were seemingly the signal for the batteries to open.

## THE SIZE OF HEAVEN

TAKING a verse from Revelation as the basis of computation some industrious and probably uneasy fellow has again been figuring on the dimensions of heaven. The text is in xv., 21, and reads as follows: "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the heighth of it are equal." He concludes that this represents a space of 469,783,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The enterprising statistician sets aside one-half of this space for the Throne and the Court of Heaven, and one-half of the balance for streets, which would leave a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. He then proceeds to divide this by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and this process gives him 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms of the size indicated. He then proceeds upon the hypothesis that the world now contains, always has contained, and will always contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for thirty-three years, which gives a total number of inhabitants every century of 2,297,000,000. He assumes that the world will stand 1,000 centuries, or 100,000 years, which would give a total of 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants for this period of time. He then reaches the reassuring conclusion that if 100 worlds of the same size and duration and containing the same number of inhabitants, should redeem all the inhabitants there would be more than 100 rooms of the size indicated for each person.

# THE BONSLOW ROBBERY

By CHIEF WILLIAM HUNTING

A REMARKABLE series of hotel and flat-house robberies occurred a few years ago in a fashionable quarter of the city.

After several startling arrests were made the matter was suddenly hushed up and nothing more heard about it.

About that time might have been seen on Broadway or in Wall street a large-framed, black-haired man of a strikingly peculiar appearance.

He always wore clothing of the richest material, which, however, showed a noticeable amount of soil and shabbiness. An immense, flaring, low-crowned hat of soft, black felt usually shaded his bushy black hair and swarthy features, which never seemed very cleanly shaven, and were distinguished by a thick, jetty mustache with long, ragged ends reaching low down his breast.

This man was Barry Bonslow.

He was a bachelor or something more, and probably was enormously rich; and he lived alone in a sumptuously-appointed flat in a handsome apartment house in the upper part of the city.

Mr. Bonslow was not exactly a man of business, nor was he altogether a gentleman of leisure.

He dabbled a little in stocks; he was also a dealer in rare old coins. He trafficked, too, somewhat extensively in unset precious stones.

He was notoriously careless in his manner of carrying and keeping his money and valuables, often having curiosities and gems worth a fortune reposing in his pockets or tossed loosely into cassets and drawers about his rooms.

And when he made the discovery that he had been robbed of thousands of dollars' worth of priceless old coin and unset stones, he could neither decide when the robbery had been committed nor conjecture who the robber could be.

"But anyway," he said when Jim Lane, the detective, had arrived at his rooms in response to his summons, "but anyway, it isn't the janitor's daughter, as these other people claim to think. Poor little Jeannie is as honest as the sun!"

"What!" exclaimed Jim. "Has the thief visited somebody else in the house beside yourself?"

"The Humshaws in the flat beneath me claim to have lost quite a number of articles. They were on the point of having Jeannie arrested when I sent for you," he answered.

"Has the girl access to the apartments of the tenants?"

"Not specially. We all like to have her do little odd jobs for us," he replied.

At the moment the girl Jeannie appeared at the door with several letters which the carrier had just delivered.

She was a plump, rosy little thing, with a round, roguish face, and a look of almost childish simplicity.

Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and there was a pitiful choke in her voice as with some incoherent utterance she handed the letters to Mr. Bonslow.

"Don't cry, Jeannie," he said in a tone of fatherly kindness. "I'll see that the innocent doesn't suffer in connection with this matter."

"It's all because Tom Kerry is my steady company," Jeannie said sobbingly. "When one has been accused of doing what is wicked everybody is ready to put all the blame on that one whatever happens wrong."

"What does she mean?" Lane asked Mr. Bonslow as she left the room.

"This young Kerry was once a messenger boy," Mr. Bonslow explained, "and it seems Mr. Humshaw once had him apprehended for withholding a small amount which had been intrusted to him for the payment of a bill."

"Ah, I see!" said Jim. "The Humshaw theory is that this Tom Kerry has the stolen property, and that Jeannie is the accomplice of her lover?"

"It's a theory you needn't take any stock in, though," Mr. Bonslow said with emphasis. "Young Kerry is as blameless as the girl, and I would swear she is innocent."

"Who are the Humshaws?" was the officer's next query.

"Highly respectable society people of some means, I believe," was the answer. "There is a mother and daughter and son—who is of some prominence among the sporting clubs. He is the head of the family—the Mr. Humshaw already mentioned."

"And now tell me who are the other occupants of the house—the tenants—the servants—and who frequents it as guests or otherwise?" said Jim. He produced a note-book and pencil and proceeded to jot down each item of information which might be of the slightest service.

But nothing as yet seemed to promise a clue of any kind. The tenants were all people of eminence in business or social circles. The janitor's daughter, Jeannie, alone had access to any of the apartments. Mr. Bonslow's rooms were cleaned and tidied by an old colored chore-woman, who only came when he was himself there. He rarely, or never, had visitors, and his doors were secured by locks of which duplicate keys would have seemed an impossibility. The stained glass transoms over the doors were fastened by spring bolts which could not be reached from the outside without cutting or breaking the glass, as had not been done.

The window fastenings were all intact; nothing outside or inside the flat seemed to have been disturbed from its ordinary safety and order. But the fact remained the same—the rooms had been entered by some person or persons, and the coins and gems had been stolen. Viewing the case as so far presented, Jim was inclined to the Humshaw theory.

He felt justified in regarding the ex-messenger boy, Tom Kerry, as a subject of a suspicion.

Anyhow he decided that it would not be amiss to ascertain how he had been occupying himself during the few days since the presumable time of the robbery.

"What kind of valuables have the Humshaws missed?" Jim inquired, as he closed his note-book and arose to depart.

"I will step down with you, and we will ask him," Mr. Bonslow returned, as he, too, arose.

They went down the stairs together and crossed the next landing toward the door of one of the larger rear rooms. The door was partly open, and as they paused

they commanded a charming view of an elegant parlor and of two persons who were too absorbed with some topic of the moment to see or hear their approach.

A handsome young lady, stylishly dressed, was sitting upon a sofa just opposite the door.

She was penning a note, evidently at the dictation of a gentleman who was bending over her. He was what would be termed a fine-looking man. But Lane observed that his features were nervous and haggard, and that the hand holding the ink tray was unsteady, as if perhaps he indulged in late hours and overmuch wine.

"Oh, write anything which will do for an excuse," he was saying to the young lady. "Write that I have an urgent summons out of town—anything, so they won't be disappointed if I can't attend the fox hunt!"

Mr. Bonslow coughed slightly, and tapped upon one of the carved panels of the door.

"Beg pardon," he began politely. "This gentleman is the celebrated detective I mentiond this morning, and he would like some particulars about the articles stolen from your rooms."

"Articles stolen from our rooms?" the young lady repeated, with a look of profound wonder.

"There is some mistake, Carrie. Finish your note," said Mr. Humshaw, instantly stepping out into the hall and closing the door behind him.

"The truth is," he said in low tones, "I don't want my mother and sister to know anything about the unpleasant matter. Ladies get so absurdly excited and alarmed when anything of the kind happens, you know."

"I only require a description of the articles," said the detective.

"Well, I have reconsidered my intentions of this morning," he said rather hastily, "and I prefer not to agitate the affair. My loss was trifling comparatively. Of course, with Mr. Bonslow it is different."

He smiled and bowed in an airy, offhand fashion, and then, like one pressed for time, hurriedly returned to the parlor. Mr. Bonslow looked annoyed as we turned again toward the stairs.

"If he has reconsidered his intentions, that's all there is of it," he remarked somewhat testily; "but he was willing enough to agitate the affair this morning when he insisted on sending an officer after young Kerry."

"There is no accounting for a man's change of base where everything is so mysterious," Lane answered lightly as they separated.

Jim spent the remainder of the day in sundry investigations, bearing directly or indirectly on the case. So far he had learned nothing which would suggest the slightest clue.

But we need not say that it sometimes takes weeks and perhaps months to track the perpetrator of a crime of that kind.

If the criminal is an expert he has provided means of covering his tracks for a time. If he is not an expert, his very lack of skill in maneuvering to escape detection will baffle the keenest detectives unless some lucky chance favors them. A novice resorts to unexpected expedients to hide guilt and dispose of property unlawfully obtained. And what is unexpected must always be more or less baffling.

The detective regarded it as a lucky chance which led him back to the vicinity of Mr. Bonslow's home some time rather late the same evening.

He was walking leisurely down a cross street in the neighborhood when he was suddenly stopped by the sound of a scuffle around a corner not half a dozen rods from the spot where he halted.

At the same instant a large man in a heavy ulster, with a slouch hat and a luxuriant blond beard, abruptly wheeled around the angle of the corner building and ran swiftly past Lane.

As he disappeared down the street Jim heard a choking, girlish cry, uttering indistinct words of terror and relief.

He was sure he recognized the voice, and was not wrong.

As he hurried around the corner he came face to face with the janitor's daughter, Jeannie. She was not alone. Standing beside her, near the locked and shadowed side entrance of a small hotel, stood her lover, Tom Kerry.

And by the light of the dim and flickering lamps on either side of the seldom-used door he was gazing at several small objects which glowed like drops of crystallized blood in the palm of one outstretched hand. In one glance Jim knew he had discovered some of the least valuable of the unset rubies stolen from Mr. Bronslow.

"Where did you get these precious stones, my friend?" he demanded, as, without ceremony, he seized his extended wrist and took the gems.

"I got them from a fellow who won't want to play crooked with me again in a hurry, I'll be bound," he said with a light laugh.

"Well?" Lane observed sternly as he paused.

"I don't know why I should tell you anything about it," said he, flashing quick resentment from his bright eyes, and eyeing Jim critically from head to foot.

"Tell him, Tom. What is true won't hurt anybody," said little Jeannie, who was crying as if her heart were breaking.

For an instant Tom looked at her with all his heart in his big, bright eyes, and then he turned to the detective.

"There isn't much to tell," he said slowly. "I was waiting here for this little girl, as I have a habit of doing sometimes when the coast isn't clear where she lives, you see."

"I see," said Jim. "Somebody is down on you where she lives."

"That's it," Tom admitted sheepishly. "I was waiting for her, and a fellow came up to me and asked me to do an errand for him. I was glad of the chance, for there hasn't been much I could earn lately——"

He hesitated, and a hot flush wavered over his face.

"I understand," Lane said encouragingly. "You had some trouble while you were a messenger boy."

"That's just it," he acknowledged shortly. "And I am glad to earn a dollar when I can. But when the fellow asked me to take those shining things to pawn and to bring back the money and ticket while he waited, I tumbled to the graft—you can bet I did."

"And what was the game?" said the officer.

"The game!" he echoed indignantly. "Those stones are real, genuine rubies. They would realize with their size and purity several hundred dollars. They have been stolen, and the fellow didn't dare take them to pawn himself."

"They have been stolen—there is no doubt about that," said Jim, wondering if this wise young man supposed he should credit all his story.

"I saw what they were the moment I took them," Tom continued. "I was giving them back and refusing to do the errand, when the guy got insolent, and so I knocked him down in his tracks. He won't forget the size of my fist in a hurry. When he got on his feet he vamoosed and left the rubies behind him."

For a moment Jim felt undecided.

Tom had spoken in a manly, straightforward and indignant way, which had forcibly impressed the detective.

And, beside, he had heard the sound of a scuffle and

seen a blond-bearded man hurrying away. But there are always two sides to a story, as everybody knows.

"Were you a witness to all this?" the detective asked Jeannie.

He had instituted himself judge and jury in this particular instance.

"No," the janitor's daughter faltered, reluctantly. "The man ran away when he saw me."

The girl was agitated almost beyond any control of her emotions.

But Jim knew that naturally she would try to shield her young lover.

Still he felt rather puzzled and undecided.

He was not sure he should be wholly justifiable in taking Tom Kerry as a prisoner.

His record had been honest enough until that unfortunate day when he had been accused of peculating money which the highly-esteemed Mr. Humshaw had intrusted to him to pay a certain bill.

"Tom," the officer said at last, "I don't know whether I had best believe all this or not. I find you in the possession of stolen property, and I am aware that you were once apprehended for using money not your own, and that you were let off only because your accuser was merciful. What am I to think?"

"You can think what you like," he returned passionately. "The money I was accused of using was never intrusted to me. The envelope contained only blank paper. My accuser didn't happen to have money to pay a pressing claim. He wanted to gain time, and so he made a pretense of my stealing what had never been put in my hands to steal."

"That is incredible," said Lane with severity. "I must take you into custody, Tom."

Young Tom Kerry did not seem at all frightened at his position. Nor did he object accompanying Jim as his prisoner.

"I am ready enough to go with you," he declared promptly, "and there is no use saying you have got hold of the wrong party. When a fellow has once been arrested nobody will ever believe any good of him."

"You will have a fair chance to clear yourself," Lane told him.

"Did I have a fair chance before?" he flashed back angrily. "I wasn't allowed to stand trial! I wasn't allowed to clear myself! I was let go with the charge hanging over me, to turn everybody against me whatever I try to do."

"It always comes out right in the end when a man isn't guilty," Jim said cheerfully.

Jeannie, still crying, gazed after Jim as they walked away, until they were hidden from her sight in the evening darkness.

They went on rapidly and in silence for several blocks. Tom was busy with his own thoughts, and seemed indifferent as to where he was going. Suddenly he stopped short and struck his hands together with a resounding clap.

"By George, I have it!" he exclaimed in sudden excitement. "I thought that fellow seemed like some one I know. I have it now. His big yellow beard was false and he had blackened his eyebrows. He is——"

And then Tom checked himself as if he dared not utter the name.

"Who?" asked Jim. "Who do you think he is—this man with the yellow beard who left the rubies with you?"

"What's the use of mentioning the name? Nobody would believe me," Tom answered sulkily.

"That might depend on circumstances," the detective suggested.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Tom pursued with an entire change of manner. "If you will leave me free I will track that fellow down! He is the thief you are after! Leave me free, and whenever you want me you can have me. I give you my word, and that is something I never broke yet," he added proudly.

Tom's whole manner had impressed Lane forcibly.

Jim knew, too, he was acting in direct opposition to Mr. Bonslow's opinions and wishes in making him a prisoner at all.

If he let him go he was certain he could produce him at any time if he really was connected with the robbery. And meanwhile he might indeed have an opportunity to clear himself, and to help track the real criminal.

"Well, Tom, you may go," said the detective at last, after a moment of deliberation. "Only you must agree to keep me posted as to your whereabouts."

"I shall keep you posted as to something of more importance than that, I am thinking," he replied.

Tom took his liberty as coolly as he had being deprived of it. Only his bright eyes glistened with a strange moisture as he thanked Jim and walked away. Three days passed, during which Tom, and the janitor's daughter also, were closely watched. Their every movement was under the immediate surveillance of Lane or one of his assistants. But nothing transpired as far as Jeannie was concerned. She went out and in as usual; she met no suspicious persons and she visited no unusual places.

With young Kerry it was slightly different.

He was here, there and everywhere and extremely difficult to shadow.

"I stopped him about midnight," Lane's assistant said one morning, "and demanded to see the contents of a suggestive-looking box he was carrying."

"And what were the contents?" Jim asked eagerly. "Not old coins and unset stones?"

"No," the man said with a dry laugh. "The box contained the biggest and ugliest yellow beard and wig I ever saw, and also a cup of fine blacking of the kind actors use in making up their phizes for the stage."

"Can it be possible Tom Kerry has struck the trail ahead of us all?"

But it was possible, too, that he might intend the beard and wig for his own purpose. Disguise and flight would be precisely what he would meditate if the plunder was in his possession. For the veriest novice in crime would never have attempted the disposal of that sort of plunder in the city which was the scene of the robbery. Detection would be too certain where every dealer in coins and gems held a minute description of the stolen articles. Jim concluded it would be perhaps best to consult Mr. Bonslow, and, with his concurrence, place the young man under restraint.

He had started to call upon the gentleman, and was passing the railroad depot, which was only four or five blocks from the apartment house, when he unexpectedly caught a glimpse of Tom walking briskly toward a train which was just ready to steam away. To change his course and gain the rear coach of the train was the work of a second.

And as Tom stepped aboard so did the detective.

Jim walked leisurely through the train, passing a merry group, among whom he recognized Mr. Humshaw and his handsome sister.

It was the day of the fox-hunt, and they were on their way to the rendezvous. It seemed Mr. Humshaw had not been summoned out of town as he supposed he would be.

Some alteration in the arrangements had permitted him to join the party after all. The detective passed on into the next coach and settled behind a newspaper in a corner, with Tom Kerry only half a dozen seats ahead of him. His movements had been cautious, as he naturally did not wish Tom to observe him.

His surprise may be imagined when Tom arose with abruptness, and moving back, seated himself just before Jim.

"You could have trusted me," he said in a low voice, and with a reproachful glance from his bright eyes, as keen as those of an eagle.

"I am on the trail," he continued in a cautious whisper. "Our man is aboard this train with the plunder, or at least the larger portion of it."

For a second Jim was dumb with amazement.

"Are you positive of this?" he asked when he could get breath to speak.

"I have reason for believing it," Tom said guardedly.

"Explain yourself clearly, Tom. What have you discovered?"

"If I should be mistaken, sir, things wouldn't be any better for me."

"But how am I to see justice done if I am kept in the dark, Tom?"

"You won't be kept in the dark long, sir."

What Tom's plan was at the time Jim could not guess. But he was inclined to think the boy had no definite plan. He meant to trust to circumstances, very likely, and to grasp the first opportunity which presented itself to corner the man he was trailing.

And it was chance which favored him at last.

The gay party of fox hunters left the train at a small station of the road, where their horses awaited them.

"Are you coming, sir?" asked Tom as he stepped lightly to the platform.

Of course Lane was coming.

He had begun to see Tom's game, and meant to be in at the death, as the hunters themselves might have expressed it.

"We won't stand any show for the brush if we don't have horses, Tom."

Tom made no answer. He was busy with his own thoughts. They had walked away from the station and had traversed some little distance up the country road, when there was a clatter of hoofs along the edge of a hilly wood which the highway skirted.

The Meadow Brook hunting party had mounted and were galloping away to the rendezvous. Their horses were magnificent animals, mettlesome and fresh from the stables.

As the spirited creatures dashed curveting past Jim a sudden gust of wind caught in a satiny shoulder cape worn by Mr. Humshaw's handsome sister and sent the dainty garment fluttering through the air. The little cape lodged in the top of some tall bushes about a dozen rods from where Tom and Jim had halted. As it fell Tom drew a strange, long breath.

His face turned pale as ashes and then flushed crimson. Cool as Lane had known Tom to be in the most trying moments he was certainly anything but cool now. With one bound he cleared the fence and the bushes, and in another instant he held the little cape in his hands.

With his eyes fixed intently upon it, he narrowly examined every seam and binding. Then he ran his fingers carefully all along the deeply-hemmed border and over the entire lining. Then he took his penknife from his pocket, drew the sharp point cautiously across a strand of thread here and there, and peered into the openings between the satin and the fluffy inside fabric. After he had accomplished all this he rolled the cape up with the utmost care and sprang to meet Jim with a shout of joy. But as he placed a hand on the fence to leap back Mr. Humshaw came riding furiously toward him.

"You hand me that cape, young man," he said, in an insolent tone, as he pulled up his horse, which was quivering and snorting with the pain and fright of the spurs.

Instead of obeying, Tom coolly dropped the garment on the other side of the fence, and motioned Jim to pick it up without loss of time.

"What do you mean, you young thief?" Humshaw thundered as he lifted his riding whip for a lash across Tom's face. The young fellow never stirred nor moved a muscle.

And then somehow one hand flashed down to his hip pocket, and in a twinkling the muzzle of a pistol confronted the furious Humshaw.

"It's my time now," Tom said quietly. "You sent me to prison once, and that's precisely where I am going to send you now."

An imprecation broke from the man's lips.

"You might as well give in, Humshaw," said the detective.

As the man saw Jim all his fury changed to consternation. He was the picture of abject misery and despair.

"Mr. Kerry will take care of your horse; you will dismount and come with me," said Lane.

Resistance was useless. A revolver in the hands of a resolute young fellow, wronged as Tom Kerry had been, is an argument a guilty man does not usually care to dispute. Without a word Humshaw slipped from his saddle and submitted to the officer taking him back to the city. That night he reposed in the very same cell which had once held Tom on a trumped-up charge.

And that same evening Tom and pretty Jeannie and Lane were all admitted to a private conversation with Mr. Bonslow.

"I think our young friend Tom here is the better detective of the two," Mr. Bonslow remarked with a smile

"I give Tom all the credit," said Lane candidly.

"I don't think any of us would have discovered much yet only for Jeannie," the young man observed. "It was Jeannie who watched like a hawk from first to last. Nobody would ever have suspected where the unset stones were hidden if she had not seen the scoundrel slipping the glittering gems into the lining of his sister's shoulder cape."

The janitor's daughter had suspected Humshaw from the beginning. But she had kept her own counsel, while she had allowed nothing to escape her watchful eyes. And her woman's wit had found a way to see and hear nearly everything which had transpired. She had done several trifling errands for the rascal's handsome sister, and it was on one of these occasions that she had got possession of the tell-tale yellow wig and beard, which she had immediately transferred to Tom's keeping.

Mr. Bonslow was so delighted with Tom's manly and shrewd conduct that he presented the young man with a munificent reward. And he is still a generous friend to both Tom and Jeannie, who have since been happily married.

Nearly the whole of the stolen articles were recovered. Humshaw's guilt had been detected none too soon. He had made every preparation to leave the city. Indeed, he had already engaged passage on a steamship which sailed the day after the fox hunt.

By directing suspicion toward Tom Kerry he had hoped to escape being suspected himself—at least until he was safely out of the country.

# HASKELL'S REDEMPTION

By FREDERICK C. WILSON

"IT is a racket they won't tumble to in a jiffy. There is piles of swag for the chaff cove as can work the oracle, and a sure getaway before the skull gets around to smoke."

The thieves' slang arrested my attention just as I was finishing my chop and coffee at the table of a restaurant in one of the west side avenues.

And from the corner of an eye I directed an observing glance toward an alcove table a dozen or so feet away, where the speaker sat with two companions, one of whom I recognized as a suspicious character, who had for some time been under the vigilance of the police.

He was not more than twenty, had been well educated and respectably reared, and had already squandered a couple of hundred thousand dollars which had accrued to him upon his attaining his majority. He was known as a hard drinker, a reckless gambler, and was always ready for any mad prank which a naturally brilliant brain could devise or a set of dissolute associates could suggest. Latterly he had subsisted by his wits; he had been suspected, too, of having had a share in more than one felonious transaction, but he had never yet been caught red-handed.

The third of the trio was unknown to me. He was a slender young fellow of medium height, and considerably younger than either of the others. He had an interesting face, an intelligent head, and pleasant brown eyes, which just then seemed troubled and uneasy. There was something almost effeminate in the contour of the beardless features and the delicacy of coloring.

"You're to boss the lark, Wadleigh; you've got just the mealy flatter-trap to gull the women," said the first speaker, who was known as Dug Darling.

"I don't think I'll have anything to do with it," the young fellow answered, with a sudden hot color flushing his boyish face.

"What's the matter wid ye?" Dug Darling demanded in a tone of disgust. "Hain't your dad set himself agin ye, and don't the world owe ye a living? You don't mean to go back on your friends, do ye—'specially Curt Haskell here and me?"

"Let him alone; he's only a kid yet. I'll lead the lark myself," Curt Haskell said, carelessly. "Raye has the business all to learn yet, you know."

"That's so," Dug Darling grunted unwillingly. "We'll keep him outside with me to hop the twig with the chickens."

This conversation had been carried on in low tones—so low that I probably should have heard nothing had not my sense of hearing been quickened by my knowledge of the speakers and my suspicions of the "lark" they were discussing.

But as Dug Darling made his last peculiar remark he happened to turn his ugly bullet head, and so to perceive my observant glance.

Instantly there was a telegraphic look between him and Curt Haskell; the discussion ceased for a moment, and was then again continued in a yet lower and more cautious key and in terms still less intelligible.

But I learned enough to understand that the "lark" was the robbery of a house, and that Haskell was to personate an officer sent to guard the premises in the absence of part of the family.

But, of course, what I had learned was of too superficial and disconnected a character to warrant any interference then and there on my part.

And as there was a pressing matter requiring my immediate attention I presently arose from the table, settled my bill, and left the restaurant—which at that hour was almost empty.

Some ten days passed, I had almost forgotten the peculiar little incident, when my attention was again called to it in a surprisingly unexpected way.

"You haven't anything particular on hand for the next day or two, have you?" my chief said to me one morning.

"I believe not," said I.

"Well, old Jacob Andworth was in here a few minutes ago," rejoined my superior. "His business is calling him out of the city, and he wants a trusty man to stop in the house while he is away."

"Jacob Andworth!" I repeated. "Isn't he the gentleman who some time ago built a row of stylish flats adjoining his own residence in East 52d street?—isn't he the gentleman who some months ago was waylaid at his own doorstep, beaten to insensibility and robbed of the rents he had just collected?"

"He is the same man," was the answer, "and it has never been discovered who was the person or who were the persons guilty of the offense."

"He connected his son with the affair, and the young man disappeared about the same time, if I remember rightly," I commented.

"He was always too hard on his son. The boy was wild, but not vicious," was the reply.

"Who will be the inmates of the house during his absence?" I asked, after a pause.

"Only the two servants he keeps and the young lady who acts as his private secretary," my chief informed me. "She always receives and receipts the rents when he chances to be away from home. A large amount is just due, and there will be quite a haul if a successful burglary is accomplished."

"What reason has he to apprehend anything of the kind being attempted?" I inquired.

"It wouldn't be the first time a plunderer has gone back for an egg from the same nest," my superior replied, with an expressive shrug.

Mr. Andworth was to leave home in time to catch the midnight express westward, and it was not considered necessary for me to put in an appearance at the house until the evening of the next day.

I was not inclined to hurry myself, for all I could discern to the contrary, I imagined I should have a dull sort of sinecure for the next forty-eight hours.

It was somewhere about nine o'clock of the evening when I at last reached the house.

I had ascended the steps, and had stretched my hand toward the bell-knob, when a taxicab dashed suddenly up to the curb and somebody called my name.

"What is wanted?" I queried, as I immediately went back down the steps and approached the chauffeur.

"I only know it is something imperative. The cab is to take you to the office. The chief has some important order for you," was the response, as a tall man whom I could not recollect of having ever met before stepped upon the pavement beside me from within the taxi.

At the time I was momentarily expecting weighty information concerning another case, and his announcement did not therefore strike me as irregular as it might otherwise have done. And still I wondered that a messenger so totally a stranger should have been sent after me.

For a moment I looked at him inquiringly, and perhaps searchingly.

"Your chief and I are old acquaintances," he said, as if by way of explanation, "and I chance to have business in the neighborhood. If there is no hurry, we'll have a cigar together—what do you say?"

I said nothing. I had already ensconced myself within the taxi, and the next instant was rattling swiftly down the street.

For one instant I flashed a backward glance through the window, and in that instant I saw the individual who was an "old acquaintance of my chief and had business in the neighborhood." I saw him ascend the steps and ring the bell of the Andworth residence.

And at that instant the episode of the restaurant occurred to me.

The robbery of a house was to be effected while the stronger member of the family was away. Curt Haskell was to personate the officer sent to guard the premises.

But in the meantime how were they to rid themselves of the officer detailed for that service?

By means of a fictitious message? By means of a swift taxi and a bribed chauffeur?

I rather guess not.

I tapped on the pane of glass, through which I could see a mackintosh glistening with the damp, which had not yet become a drizzle.

The wearer of the mackintosh favored me with a knowing grin, and drove on more swiftly than before.

The next instant the glass pane was shattered into atoms, and the gentleman of the knowing grin felt the muzzle of a revolver persuasively close to one exposed temple.

"Drive back," I charged him. "Drive back, and make no noise about it, either. The game is up, and you have to choose either to obey my orders or to be my prisoner."

He chose to obey my orders, and in an incredible short space of time I was once more standing in the vestibule of the Andworth mansion.

I was surprised, and more than gratified, to discover that the door had been left ajar—very likely by a careless servant.

I did not deem it expedient to ring, but walked noiselessly into the hall, closed the door securely behind me, listened intently for a moment, and then made my way speedily to a small latticed veranda at the rear of the house, which commanded a view through the back parlor windows.

The curtains had not been rolled down, and the occupants of the parlor were two ladies—a beautiful young lady with a mass of pale gold hair shading a fascinating face,—and an elderly woman, capped and spectacled, and who seemed to be instructing the other in some intricate fancy knitting.

They had evidently just had a quiet little tea together, for an elegant tea service of silver and crystal glittered on the white drapery of a square table beside them, and the aroma of the beverage which "cheers but does not inebriate" was wafted even to the remote niche where I was standing.

"It was so kind of you to come when you knew Mr. Andworth was absent, and just because you knew I should be nervous alone. Have you known Mr. Andworth very long?" the younger lady was saying.

"I have known him all my life," the elder lady answered; and I fancied the white curls peeping beneath her frilled lace cap trembled.

Of course I knew the young lady with the pale gold hair and the fascinating face was Coralie Fayne, the private secretary.

But the other I could only decide to be some casual visitor.

I was beginning to speculate concerning the whereabouts of the individual who had lured me into the taxicab, and whom I had seen admitted to the house, when the young lady half arose from her chair and turned an inquiring look toward an inner door.

At the moment a house-maid, holding a brightly lighted lamp, appeared on the threshold, and the individual of the jolly countenance advanced into the room.

"Here be the officer, miss, as you've been expecting," said the pretty house-maid; "and I've just been showing him a bit of the house as the master ordered me.

As the man glanced toward the young lady's companion his countenance abruptly altered.

He stopped short with an expression of surprise, rage, and of something too very like alarm.

"I must begin my duties by requesting your companion to leave the house—she is an impostor," he said to Miss Fayne, in a lordly air, and with a scowl as black as night.

"I decline to go," was the startling answer. "I am here to prevent villainy, and I mean to do it!"

At the firm, defiant voice the man seemed to lose all control of himself.

He sprang forward; with one hand he caught the seeming woman roughly by the shoulder, and with the other he snatched away the big lace cap and a wig of silvery curls, revealing to my astonished sight the handsome head of young Raye Wadleigh.

The young fellow had more mettle than I had supposed.

In an instant he had thrown off the heavy overdress of feminine apparel which covered his own proper habiliments, and with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils stood ready for fight if fight need be.

The house-maid had retreated, shrieking in terror; and Coralie was wringing her hands and sobbing violently.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Fayne," the handsome young fellow said to her; "I am here to protect you no less than my father's property."

The remark did not surprise me. I had already conjectured that Raye Wadleigh was the wayward son whom old Jacob Andworth had cast off as irreclaimable.

His present conduct explained itself. He had determined to prevent the robbery, but at the same time he did not wish to betray those who had been his comrades in many a wild prank.

For, of course, the assumed officer was Curt Haskell. I had detected that the instant he stood in the full, bright light of the lamp which the house-maid had left behind her.

His disguise would not have passed muster for a second in broad daylight among them who knew him. He had simply shaved off his mustache and assumed false iron-gray brows, hair and fringe of beard.

But Curt Haskell could be dangerous when brought to bay—that I was beginning to perceive, as he advanced menacingly toward the young fellow who had defied him.

"You will protect yourself first," he thundered, in answer

to Raye's remark. "I have a mind to break every bone in your body, you white-faced traitor!"

"Don't lay a hand on me—I warn you!" Raye returned, with deadly composure, as he drew a revolver and stepped back from the fists clenched to strike him.

I saw that it was time for me to interfere, and in a twinkling I was in the room and had slipped a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of Haskell, who was too amazed to resist.

Dug Darling escaped. He had been somewhere outside waiting "to hop the twig," as he would himself have expressed it, and at the intimation of what was occurring within he had taken to flight.

He was captured afterward, however, and confessed to having waylaid and assaulted Mr. Andworth on the former occasion.

The events just related were the means of reconciling Mr. Andworth to his son.

The young fellow had never descended to anything really vicious and criminal. He had been wild, and in an evil moment he had been brought under the influence of the brilliant spendthrift and scoundrel, Curt Haskell. But he had long been disgusted with such companionship, and was delighted to be freed from their power at last.

He is now an honored citizen and the husband of the beautiful Coralie.

## A LAKE OF SODA

THERE is a lake in British East Africa, Lake Magadi, that is famous for its vast deposits of soda. Until within recent years few people knew of this lake, for it lies in the midst of a barren and waterless waste; but the railway that was started some time ago by an English company to transport the soda to the coast is now finished, thus opening a way to this most curious natural phenomenon.

Ordinarily the lake looks as if it were frozen and covered with a coating of snow partially thawed, then frozen again. The temperature gives the lie to this appearance of roughened ice, for the heat is extreme, and at midday almost unbearable. The soda burns one's feet even through his shoes, and the sharp, frosty spikes will pierce any except the thickest sole. After the rains there is a layer of water over the greater part of the lake, which has turned a beautiful shade of pink. By moonlight the scene is weirdly beautiful.

The lake contains millions of tons of soda deposits, and both surface and underground streams of saturated soda liquor continually feed it. The present supply of soda is enormous, and as fast as it is removed a new surface, formed from the mother liquid beneath, replaces it. Natives have collected soda from the same spot year after year without making the slightest difference in the abundance of the supply.

## AMERICAN WAS FIRST STOWAWAY

WHEN the great British dirigible R-34 reached Mineola, after her record-making flight from Scotland, she brought over with her a youthful stowaway.

At the time that lighter-than-air craft was about ready to start for this side of the Atlantic it was found expedient, in order to carry as much petrol as possible, to drop three members of her crew. At first blush the saving of 450-odd pounds may appear trifling in the eyes of the layman, and yet the consequent gain in oil-carrying capacity may make all the difference in the outcome of a flight. In the case of the R-34 this meant an added quantity of 62.5 gallons of gasolene. Despite her precautions we know how near the dirigible came to failure on account of the alarmingly low state of her fuel supply when still a good many miles away from her destination.

As a matter of fact, just eight hours before the airship landed Brig. Gen. Edward M. Maitland, the official observer aboard the craft for the British Air Ministry, made the following entry in his log:

"9:30 P. M. Another thunderstorm. Again we have to change our course to avoid it, and as every gallon of petrol is worth its weight in gold it almost breaks our hearts to have to lengthen the distance to get clear of these storms."

We are informed that the R-34 arrived here with just enough oil in her tanks to have kept her aloft about three hours longer! But to get back in our story:

William Ballantine was one of the youths scheduled to remain behind; he had served as a rigger during the dirigible's preparatory flights, which had included a trip to Berlin. He had had a taste of aerial voyaging and had looked forward expectantly to the longer journey overseas. Stowing away on an airship is not too simple a matter; there are not many secure hiding places, and discovery is therefore certain to follow soon. However, unlike waterborne craft, once the flying machine is off you are pretty certain to have gained your end.

Young Ballantine decided to take the one chance open to him. He managed to board the dirigible at night, about two hours before her departure, and hid himself in the rigging, with which he was familiar. There he remained for about six hours after the R-34 got under way, when hunger and illness forced him to make his presence known. While this venturesome Britisher can probably lay claim to being the first aerial stowaway to cross the Atlantic, still there was an earlier and equally successful attempt "to steal a ride," so to speak, on an aircraft. This time it happened to be a seaplane, in fact one of our big NC's.

On November 25, 1918, the press announced that the NC-1 while tuning up for her prospective flight to Europe, had broken the world's record for passenger carrying. Indeed, as it turned out, she actually had more aboard on that trip than her prescribed load. Naval Constructor H. C. Richardson, in charge of the trials at the Rockaway Naval Air Station, had picked fifty men for the test. These were carefully weighed and packed in the seaplane. Upon her return to the beach after a most successful flight, the officer in charge of operations once more checked off the men as they got out of the boat and much to his amazement he counted fifty-one instead of the allotted fifty. An investigation followed.

It was discovered that one of the mechanics who had been working on the plane had slipped aboard about an hour before the NC-1's departure and had concealed himself in the interior of the hull. Whether or not he had to face a court martial for his unauthorized voyage, like his British successsor, is not on record, but we do know that this American had the distinction of being the world's first aerial stowaway.—*N. Y. Herald.*

# THE LAST MAN

## Or, The House at the End of the Block

### A Serial Detective Story

By POLICE SERGEANT MALLORY

### CHAPTER TWELVE

#### THE LAST MEETING OF THE TONTINE

RESPECTABLE Christopher Lombard, New York merchant, pursues the even tenor of his way, and if Detective Joseph Wells has discovered his connection with the miner whose skeleton he held ready for a delivery in a box, the fact does not appear.

The rich Mrs. Winters still mourns the loss of her boy, and Miss Christine Lombard of her lover, for Harry Bainbridge has not yet returned, nor have any tidings of him been gained.

Mat, the half idiot, wholly deformed gate-keeper of Riverview Park, has also disappeared.

No one knew what had become of him.

Since the day on which the P. J. Dolan Association held their picnic at Excelsior Grove the dwarf had nowhere been seen.

The house at the end of the block is more dark, mysterious and gloomy than ever, and strange rumors of murders having been committed within its walls having somehow arisen; pedestrians give it a wider berth than before, and look askance at its tightly-closed blinds as they hurry by.

Upon the night of the 18th of July, 19—, a sudden and remarkable change seemed to come over the old house.

The shutters, long closed, were thrown open, and although the thick curtains remained tightly drawn, bright lights could be seen behind them illuminating the rooms within.

The front stoop was also swept, the vestibule door thrown open, the silver door-knobs and bell-handle brightly polished, and a bright gas-jet lighted in the hall.

What singular change is this which has suddenly come over the old house?

Just before midnight a carriage was heard to roll heavily through the street and stop opposite the door.

Three elderly gentlemen descended, and walking leisurely up the steps, were received by Mr. Tanningham, who greeted them as expected visitors, and ushered them at once into the house.

A few minutes later, and another coach arrived, and this time Christopher Lombard, the merchant, whom for convenience we will designate as No. 2, proved to be the occupant, and was in turn admitted.

Still a few moments later, and a third coach rolled up before the door.

Two men of the appearance of lawyers descended, and were admitted by the aged custodian like the rest.

In the library of the mysterious house these various guests were assembled—the very room from the closet of which Joseph Wells had witnessed the Dinner of Death.

In the center of the apartment stood a large table, upon which were the twelve velvet-covered cases which had so astonished Harry Bainbridge.

They were arranged in a row, and the plates upon them bore the names Joseph Wells had read under the portraits suspended in the great frame which hung upon the wall of the room.

"William Flemming, David B. Fletcher, John J. Fox, Nathaniel Gale," and so on with the others, down to the last.

Every name painted beneath the portraits was reproduced upon these velvet cases of human bones save one.

Christopher Lombard.

There was no case for him.

As the lawyers entered the room, Mr. Tanningham shut and locked the door.

"Gentlemen," he said, approaching the table, "the time has at length arrived when I am to be delivered from an important trust, and one which has weighed heavily upon my mind for many years."

"You have been very faithful, Mr. Tanningham," said one of the three old men who had first entered the house, "and no one knows that better than we."

The old man bowed, and a faint flush of pride seemed to pass over his aged features.

Straightening himself up, the old man began, as follows:

"I am the custodian of this house, which has been, since the year 1840, the property and meeting-place of a society called the 'Brotherhood of Thirteen.'

"This society was organized on a peculiar plan, to accomplish peculiar ends.

"The plan is of French origin, and there have been several such societies organized in New York. They were known as Tontines.

"The organizers of this Brotherhood of Thirteen were the men whose portraits hang yonder on the wall, whose bones repose in these cases before you. They are dead—dead and gone, every one."

"Not all!" cried Christopher Lombard, springing suddenly to his feet—"not all, Tanny; you forget I still live!"

The old custodian turned sharply around.

"True," he said, shortly; "I forgot. There are but twelve cases on the table—the society was composed of thirteen."

A strange look of doubt seemed to gather on the merchant's face, he moved uneasily in his chair, and appeared ill at ease.

"These men," continued Mr. Tanningham, "all lost heavily in the great panic of 1837; but they were young and full of hope, and were ready for life's struggle again.

"Meeting together by chance one day, in the old Tontine Coffee House on the corner of Water street and Wall, a well-known fashionable resort in its time, the subject of the insecurity of property, the unreliability of banks and

financial institutions generally, was broached and fully discussed.

"Suddenly, one of the company proposed that they organize themselves into a society, and that each should lay aside yearly a certain portion of his property to be held after the manner of the societies of the Tontine.

"Each man was to contribute yearly one-third of all he made; this was to be turned into the common pool, and the last man of the Tontine, or he who outlived them all, was to inherit everything the society might possess.

"The plan was received with general approbation.

"The members of the little party were counted—there were just thirteen, and in spite of the proverbial unluckiness of the number they named the order:

"'The Brotherhood of Thirteen.'

"These young men, full of life and hope, laughed at superstition, and to show their contempt for it, and how little they feared the ill-effects of adopting such a name, it was determined and made obligatory on every member that at death he should leave instructions that his body should be buried in quicklime, his skeleton cleaned and articulated and delivered to me, who was to place it in one of these velvet cases, made in advance to receive it.

"Further, that an annual dinner should be held in this house, which was purchased for the use of the members of the society, and that at every dinner such of their number as might, from time to time, pass away, should be represented at the feast by his skeleton, seated in its proper place at the table, and which should, by means of an electric battery, and an ingenious arrangement of wires within his bony frame, be made to drink his toast with the rest.

"As a matter of precaution, it was ordered that a year must pass after the death of the twelfth man before the annual feast be held, with the twelve skeletons at the table and the Last Man at the head, and at midnight, ten days later, he that survived his comrades should inherit. Should the Last Man die during the year, all that the society was worth must then pass to his natural heirs.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Tanningham, "every regulation of this society has been fulfilled, as these three gentlemen, trustees of the property by right of inheritance from their respective fathers, can testify. The twelfth man—Nathaniel Gale—died over a year ago, leaving Christopher Lombard the only one remaining; he, then, was the Last Man."

"Was—is, Mr. Tanningham!" cried the merchant, rising quickly.

"Yes, gentlemen," replied the old custodian, "this is Christopher Lombard whom you see before you."

The would-be murderer of Harry Bainbridge sank back in his seat. The uneasy look deepened upon his face; he glanced toward the door.

The eldest of the three trustees now arose.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this estate of the Brotherhood of Thirteen has assumed vast proportions. Many of these men became very rich, and one-third of their possessions amounted to large sums. We hold, as these legal gentlemen on my left will show by the papers they have before them, over five millions of dollars in trust for the Last Man."

Christopher Lombard No. 2 turned pale. A peculiar shudder seemed to pass through his frame.

"It consists of stocks and bonds, deeds of real estate, vessel property and lands, not to mention a chest of gold-dust and jewels in the secret vaults below this house, valued at a half million at least. Of this latter, one-half is to be Mr. Tanningham's share."

Tears sprang to the old custodian's eyes.

"I have simply performed my duty," he said.

"And now," continued the trustee, "nothing remains but to pass over this princely fortune into the hands of the Last Man."

"And I," cried the merchant, rising, "have the honor to be he."

"This gentleman speaks the truth," said the trustee, turning to Mr. Tanningham; "you know him to be Christopher Lombard?"

"His name is Christopher Lombard," replied the aged custodian slowly, and in clear, distinct tones; "but he is not, nor has he ever been a member of the brotherhood, consequently he cannot be the Last Man!"

At these words he sprang to the door, and flinging it open, Detective Joseph Wells, followed by Harry Bainbridge, walked boldly into the room.

"What does this mean?" cried the merchant, turning deathly pale, and grasping the table for support. "Tanningham! What do you mean by your strange words, and who are these intruders upon the secret counsels of the Brotherhood of Thirteen."

"It means, Mr. Christopher Lombard," cried Joseph Wells, "for I am informed you really have a right to bear that name, that you are a fraud, and have practiced fraud on this society for the past seven years through your marvelous resemblance to your cousin, whose portrait adorns yonder frame! It means that you are not the last man, for the bones of Christopher Lombard, the Last Man of the Tontine, repose in this box which I place with its fellows."

As he spoke, he seized a velvet-covered case, identical with the others, which was apparently standing just without the door, and placed it upon the table beside the other twelve.

It bore upon it a gold plate bearing the inscription:

CHRISTOPHER LOMBARD.
Born April 8, 1812.
Died January 21, 1872.

There were thirteen cases now instead of twelve.

The Brotherhood of Thirteen was complete.

"What rubbish is this?" cried the merchant, striding forward, pale with rage. "If Christopher Lombard is dead, who, then, is the last man?"

"He inherits," cried the detective, "in the person of his only son!"

Taking Harry Bainbridge by the hand, he led the young man to the center of the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "behold Henry Lombard, only son of Christopher Lombard, sole heir to the millions of the Tontine!"

The trustees were lost in amazement—the legal gentlemen looked at each other in mute surprise.

Only Mr. Tanningham seemed to understand it all.

"It is a lie!" cried the merchant, springing towards Joseph Wells; "it is a base trick to rob me of my inheritance, and I'll make this meddlesome person rue the day he attempted to cross my path!"

"Wait until you have been tried for the attempted murder of this boy," cried the detective, suddenly making a quick dash toward him, and springing a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

"There, Mr. Christopher Lombard!" he exclaimed; "you will now await my pleasure, I think.

"Gentlemen," he continued, handing a packet of papers to the trustees, "these documents will explain this singular case in full. They will tell you how this man undermined Christopher Lombard in his wife's affections; how she, a false woman, drove him from home, and concealed from him his only son, this boy.

"This woman still lives in the person of the rich Mrs. Winters, of Riverview Park on the Hudson; she pretended that this boy was her adopted son, to better conceal her past. He is, on the contrary, her own child, and Christopher Lombard was his father.

Joseph Wells ceased to speak. His work, he felt, was done, and the trust confided to him by the dying miner of Crooked Canyon Gulch fulfilled.

The mystery of the house at the end of the block was solved!

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### BARNEY NUDD INDULGES IN A LITTLE FIGHT

HAD any of Mrs. Susan Doxey's respectable lodgers felt an interest in their neighbor's affairs, they might have observed during the hour following midnight, on the day of the final settlement of the affairs of the singular Brotherhood of Thirteen, a solitary individual pacing up and down Jane street from Hudson street to Abingdon Square.

As he walked, he munched an unlighted cigar.

He passed and repassed the house at the end of the block; in fact, it might easily have been observed that he repeatedly turned his head in its direction, allowing it to be scarcely for a moment hidden from his view.

As the moments passed, the man became impatient.

He was evidently expecting something or some one—that was clear from every motion he made.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a broken-down peddler's wagon, drawn by what is known in New York as a "twenty-shilling horse," which turned the corner of Hudson street into James.

The man was now nearly opposite the house at the end of the block, and he leaped quickly into a doorway, thus hiding himself from view.

The wagon rattled slowly through the street; when nearing the place where the man stood concealed, it drew up to the sidewalk and stopped.

Two young ruffians of the corner-loafer type sprang to the ground.

"Is this the house?" said one of them to his companion in a whisper.

"No; the one over there, on the corner."

"And the signal?"

"Is to stamp on the great stone of the sidewalk just in front of the stoop hard with your heel three times."

"Well, let's be about it, then; come on, Bill, for we're late already."

The two men stole silently across the street—the watcher projecting his head from beyond the door-porch in which he was concealed, gazed after them with an expression of firm determination.

"Gold and jools, is it, ye're after, me gay birds," he muttered; "that's more nor I bargained for, for I was only watching, by Misther Wells' orders, for that long-armed kiltie of a Mat. Knockings on the head too, eh? Well, then, if that's your game, it's Barney Nudd that'll be afther taking a hand in, and if he rightly understands the situation, it'll go hard but he'll prove the best hand at the shillelah afther all."

It was indeed the worthy Irishman, placed by Joseph Wells to watch the front of the house to apprehend the dwarf, whom he believed to be concealed there by his relenting father, should he appear.

Reaching the sidewalk in front of the mysterious house, the foremost of the two men struck his heel three ringing blows upon the sidewalk just opposite the stoop, and then with his companion stepped back to observe the effect.

Suddenly the great stone in the sidewalk began to slowly move downward, leaving a dark open space below.

The two men peered expectantly downward, awaiting with breathless interest that which was next about to transpire.

A light now appeared away down in the depths, and a strange chattering noise was heard, preluding the appearance of the dwarf, immediately followed by that singular individual himself, holding a dark-lantern in his hand.

This strange, misshapen creature was really the son of Mr. Tanningham, but had been for years utterly given over to vice.

This to a certain extent his father was aware of, and had endeavored to reform him by every means in his power, but in vain.

He was as wicked and sinful as he was ugly and deformed.

Still, his father had never wholly cast him off, and he had full entrance to the house at all times, being well acquainted with the secrets it contained.

The false Christopher Lombard had long ago become aware of this, and had had the dwarf in his pay for years.

Having learned through his spies of the illness of his cousin, the true Christopher Lombard, at Crooked Canyon City, he had hurried out there, taking Mat, the dwarf, with him.

His intention had been to secure any papers or documents the dying man might leave affording a clue to his claim to the fortune of the Tontine.

The presence of the detective at the hut had frustrated this purpose, and he had employed the dwarf to watch the cabin night and day.

Now Mat could climb like the monkey he resembled, and he had been on the roof of the little hut upon the night the miner died.

He had overheard his last words, and knew of the presence of the tin box of papers upon the table; and, waiting until both Barney and the detective were asleep, had swung himself down head first, supporting his feet by means of a rope tied to the chimney, and thrusting his long arm through the broken pane, had seized the box, and swung himself back on the roof again.

There he remained quiet until nearly morning, in spite of the storm, when he escaped in safety with his prize.

Thus he left no trace in the snow that night; and had Barney Nudd looked up instead of down, he would have thought the devil was after him, indeed, for the dwarf was watching his every move, and was ready upon the instant to play upon his superstitious fears, which, by virtue of his strange appearance, he could have done with all the ease in the world.

Treacherous to the last degree, he had concealed the box from his employer, intending to use it for purposes of gain from him later, but his plan was spoiled by Barney Nudd, who, possessing the key, immediately opened the box on its recovery, and concealed the papers upon his person.

Foiled upon every hand, as we have seen, the dwarf determined to secure the treasure-chest of which his father was custodian and escape to some foreign land.

This chest was concealed in the second of the vaults constructed by the society of the Tontine into which Harry Bainbridge had looked when Mr. Tanningham was preparing the skeletons for the dinner of the Thirteen.

Mat had hired these men, Bill and Skinny, as they were called, to assist him with the chest on board a schooner, with what results we shall presently see.

"Are you ready, Mat?" whispered Bill, stooping down,

and peering into the opening, as he saw the form of the dwarf appear.

"Yes, all ready—are you sure the coast is clear?"

"Certain. There's nary a cop within three blocks at the very least."

"Then," cried the dwarf, "now's our time. Help me now, boys, and I'll reward you well."

He disappeared as he spoke, but almost instantly was seen again dragging a huge and very heavy chest toward the stone.

He possessed immense strength, especially in his arms, and had no difficulty in hoisting the chest up on the sunken portion of the pavement.

Leaping up beside it, he touched the secret spring, and he and the chest were shot to the sidewalk like a flash.

Meanwhile, Skinny had dragged the old horse across the street, and the poor foundered, wind-broken beast had of a consequence dragged after him the cart.

Barney Nudd remained behind, taking in the entire situation, his grasp tightening around the stout stick which he held as he did so.

"Here, boys, help me put it on the cart, and we'll be out of this at once," whispered the dwarf, seizing one handle of the chest.

"Help him, Skinny," said Bill; "I'll get on the cart."

As the dwarf bent his head to lift his end of the chest, a club descended with fearful power upon the back of his misshapen skull.

He had been struck by the treacherous Bill.

He dropped to the pavement like lead, and lay sprawled out on the very spot where but a short time before, laid low by the shot his master's hands had fired, young Harry Bainbridge had fallen.

Mat, the dwarf, was dead.

"You've slugged him, Bill," said the second ruffian, in a hoarse whisper; "now let's be off with the chest, for we've not a moment to lose."

They slung the treasure-chest into the cart, and were about to jump in themselves, when Mr. Skinny received a stinging blow with a stout stick on the head.

"Arrah, an' take that, will ye! ye murtherin' villain! and that!" raining down blow after blow on Bill. "Yez have killed a bad man, but it's murther all the same, and if there's to be a fight it's Barney Nudd that'll be after taking a hand in!"

The excitable Irishman danced around them, striking right and left with his club.

Skinny and Bill did not at first try to retaliate, but endeavored to gain the wagon and escape.

This Barney prevented by felling Skinny with a terrible blow on the head, and immediately throwing away his weapon, engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand contest with his companion Bill.

The horse, only too glad of an opportunity to rest, made no effort at all to run away, but stood quietly looking on.

Strong as he was, it might have fared hard with Barney, for it was a powerful ruffian with whom he had to deal, had not the door of the house suddenly been flung open, and Joseph Wells, followed by Harry Bainbridge and Mr. Tanningham, rushed to his assistance.

A few well-directed blows from the detective's hand soon settled Master Bill, and he with his companion, who now began to revive, were secured and hand-cuffed in a moment.

"Well done, Barney!" cried the detective, seizing his hand when the worthy man had explained the situation.

"You have done as well for Harry Bainbridge outside as I have done inside—for in saving for him that chest you've saved half a million and over."

"And this creature," said the old custodian of the house, stooping over the dead body of the dwarf, "is my only son! Almighty God! thy ways are hard, but just! I would have saved him, but all in vain!"

They removed the dwarf's body within the house, and left the poor father alone with his dead.

This being done, Joseph Wells, assisted by Barney and Harry, conducted the baffled merchant, Christopher Lombard, and the two ruffians, Skinny and Bill, to the nearest police-station, and there delivered them to the authorities.

The detective and Harry then sought repose in the nearest hotel, while Barney Nudd returned to his home, wherever that might have been, for where he lived, really I never knew.

The next day Joseph Wells reported to his superior, Mr. Manning, and announced the entire success of the case he had been given to solve.

He also told the chief of his own personal interest in the matter, and introduced Harry Bainbridge, who told his tale.

Mr. Manning united with the detective in advising the boy to separate from his mother, Mrs. Winters, forever.

"It is hard, my boy," said the detective, but the papers found in the tin box belonging to your dead father positively proves her to be a most sinful woman, and I can advise you to no other course."

Reluctantly Harry promised to follow his advice, for it is hard to cast aside one's mother, no matter how sinful she may have been.

He changed his mind, however, and determined to see her at least once more.

He was too late.

Going to Riverview, he found Mrs. Winters had fled.

The tin box contained papers which proved her guilty of deeds rendering her criminally liable, and warned by her partner in crime, the merchant, Christopher Lombard, she had abandoned all and fled.

Harry Bainbridge never saw her again.

The treacherous cousin, the baffled impersonator of the last man of the Brotherhood of Thirteen, Christopher Lombard No. 2, was in due time tried for past crimes proven by papers in the tin box, and sentenced to State prison for life.

As his conviction seemed certain, the detective determined not to prosecute him for the attempted murder of Harry, and the matter was never brought up.

Joseph Wells still lives and flourishes in his station.

Indeed, it is now universally admitted that Mr. Manning has not a cleverer detective on his force.

As for Barney Nudd, fate—or rather Harry Bainbridge—has dealt most generously with him, and his two thousand dollars has since been increased by ten, and right royally does Barney live on his little fortune, too.

The P. J. Dolan Association still meets in McGoorigan's Hall, and P. J. Dolan, having been defeated in the election for Congress, kindly permits it the continued use of his name; but Barney Nudd has become again the head of the list of financial secretaries—lately increased to nine—and he is fully satisfied with the honor thus bestowed.

And did Harry Bainbridge marry Christine Lombard after all?

Reader, I am told that some years later, when the events here narrated were in part forgotten, he did, and that she made him a most excellent wife.

They now live abroad, and are blessed with a beautiful boy, and Harry, rolling in riches, has discovered what a fine thing it is to be transformed from a nobody to the sole heir of THE LAST MAN.

(The End)

# THE MYSTERY OF HYPNOTISM

By LEO HUGO KOCH, A.C.S.

## PART FIVE

### CLAIRVOYANCE

CLAIRVOYANCE (or "clear-sightedness") is a gift or mental peculiarity possessed only by a few people, and by means of which they are able, while in the hypnotic state, to discern objects which are not present to the ordinary senses.

Persons who are in the habit of dreaming or talking much while in their natural sleep will usually be found to prove good subjects for the clairvoyant state, which is one of the most wonderful of all the varied phases appertaining to the science of Hypnotism, and by means of which the subject is supposed to be able to see through opaque objects, through space, and foretell future events as well as relate past happenings. Distance and time are not taken into consideration by the clairvoyant mind.

Probably the reader has known or heard of persons who, during their natural sleep, have had dreams that have afterward come true. Many extraordinary instances of this kind are on record. This, then, is what the clairvoyant subject seems to do. He dreams of a certain place or thing which is suggested to him, while in the hypnotic sleep, by the hypnotist; and if asked to describe them he does so quite minutely and ofttimes very correctly, much to the astonishment and wonderment of all who witness the performance.

Any one who wishes to convince himself of this remarkable phenomena should (when he has learned to hypnotize) try a number of different subjects until he comes across one that he is able to develop and whom he should use for no other purpose. The author has developed a number of clairvoyant subjects, and below is given the mode usually employed.

Having previously placed the subject in a deep, hypnotic sleep, I say to him: "Now, you are in such and such a place," and get him, first of all, to describe to me (with his eyes closed) the furniture, etc., etc., of the room in which he is seated. Then I say to him: "Now, I want you to visit Mr. T——'s house in H—— Street (naming perhaps a friend's residence a good distance away). Now, will you kindly go up the stairs, open the door and enter the front room to the left?"

Then after a few seconds have elapsed I ask him: "Are you there?"

And if the experiment has been successful he answers, "Yes."

Then I ask him to describe me the articles in the room; the names of the books in the bookcase, the pictures on the wall, etc., etc., all of which he does most accurately, although perhaps he has never been in the house in his life nor even knows where it is in his ordinary walking state; neither is he acquainted with its occupants.

Next, I ask him to throw his presence into the next room to the one in which he is seated, and, at my request, he tells me the name and date of a newspaper which is lying on the table and which, in his ordinary waking state he knew nothing about.

It will be seen by the above illustration that the subject has to be led, as it were, to the place which the operator requires him to describe, and, as in ordinary Hypnotism, a kind of suggestion is used until the object desired is accomplished; frequently however, the subject will begin to describe things himself without such aids.

It will perhaps be noticed in subjects who have not been well developed, that you have some difficulty in getting them to talk at all; and even when they do they will seem to have some little difficulty in getting their words out. This can be overcome with practice.

### CLAIR-AUDIENCE

Clair-Audience (or "clear-hearing") is developed in the same manner as clairvoyance, and means that the subject (usually a clairvoyant one) can hear conversations and sounds that are taking place at a distance, and which are not audible to the ordinary sense of hearing, and describe them accurately.

### A TEST WITH CARDS

Get a pack of cards. Ask some one to mark the back of one very slightly so that he will know it again, and show it to the clairvoyant subject. Then shuffle the pack yourself so that no one, in his natural waking state, could pick it out without looking at the back. Now hand the entire pack to the clairvoyant subject and he will pick out the card first shown him without opening his eyes.

### MAGNETIC HEALING

To use the above to advantage the student should have some knowledge of the cause, nature and practical treatment of various diseases which can be acquired by studying some good medical work.

Simple diseases, however, such as headache, earache, toothache, neuralgia, etc., may be treated by the ordinary methods as given below:

To Cure Headache.—Have the patient seated in a chair and direct him to close his eyes and place himself as far as possible in a passive state. Next, stand behind him and let the back part of his head rest against your stomach, while with your two hands—starting from the center of his forehead—you make passes in opposite directions across the forehead, bringing them back over the temples and off at the sides, suggesting all the while that the headache is leaving him, it is getting less, it has left him entirely, etc. The last-named should be repeated in a firm, decided tone of voice after the patient has opened his eyes.

Earache is treated by the same method as headache, but a handkerchief should be placed over the ear and the operator or healer breathes through it into the ear. The ear should be syringed out with warm soap and water before commencing the treatment, if the patient is able to stand it.

Toothache.—The operator should make passes in a downward direction for toothache, commencing over the part where the tooth is affected. A good method for the cure of toothache may be also practiced as follows: Take a small piece of thick, brown or blotting paper (the latter preferred) and roll it up into a long spill; light one end with a

match, and after allowing it to burn a little, blow out the flame; then—if the pain is on the left side—place the finger on the right nostril so as to close it, and the thumb over the right ear so as to close that, and tell the subject to shut his eyes, sniff the smoke from the smoldering paper up the left nostril, when the pain will be found to instantly vanish.

If the tooth is a very badly decayed one, however, and the patient can be hypnotized, a good dentist should be employed to extract it while he is under the hypnotic influence.

"The qualities necessary for a magnetic healer," says Dr. Sydney Hower, "are assurance, earnestness and a professed love for humanity. These have, first, an impressive effect; secondly, an elevating influence. You must touch your patient's heart as well as his imagination. If he does not respect you, your time is wasted; the mystery loses half its force. To talk to your patient in an offhand manner is fatal to effect. He must look up to you with something akin to awe."

A final word as to earnestness: The magnetic healer is first earnest, because it is necessary to success; later, success itself confirms him in earnestness.

A large proportion of persons can never be made analgesic or anæsthetic by hypnotic suggestion because the auto-suggestion or the fear of pain in the patient is too strong to yield to the suggestion of the operator. But it is a fact that in some persons the sense of pain can be entirely inhibited during hypnosis.

## ST. VITUS' DANCE

Another peculiar disease of the nervous system is that known as chorea or "St. Vitus' Dance." In this disease the ordinary movements of the body can be performed in some degree, or sometimes under the direction of the will; but it would seem that some other power wantonly interfered to excite them when they are not needed; to render them imperfect and unsteady; to arrest the natural action; to give a new direction to the limbs and to cause the patient to gesticulate and grimace like a Merry Andrew.

Moreover, these apparently absurd movements do not occur in paroxysms, but continue throughout the day, sometimes for weeks together; but they generally cease during sleep. For the most part, but not always, the agitated limbs are still while the senses are shut up in slumber.

This disease, owing to its nature, should be peculiarly suited to treatment by hypnotic influence or suggestive therapeutics, as are also all diseases of a like nature, owing to their being more or less controlled or influenced by the nervous system.

## TELEPATHY

Telepathy is—to use an apt illustration—"wireless telegraphy between two human minds," by means of which messages or impressions are supposed to be capable of transmission over any distance, just in the same way as Marconi is able to transmit his messages from one machine to another without the aid of wires or any perceivable connection. And why, if such a thing is possible by the aid of mechanical means, should not the other be equally possible when it is taken into consideration that the human mind is the most delicate and a far more wonderful piece of machinery than any made by man?

In order to use telepathy there must, of course, be a "transmitter" and a "receiver." The latter should lie in a perfectly passive state upon a bed or couch, in a darkened room, at a certain hour specified by the former, when the "message" is to be sent.

The "transmitter" forms in his "mind's eye" a mental picture of the face of the "receiver," and, being himself in a passive state, begins to address himself to the latter, or, in other words, transmits his message. A message can be sent to a person in their natural sleep.

## DISTANT HEALING

Distant healing is accomplished in a very similar manner to telepathy. The patient selects a room where he is quite alone and draws the blinds, etc., so as to make it perfectly dark; and at a certain hour appointed by the "healer" he lies down on a bed or couch and places himself in a passive state; and closing his eyes he concentrates his mind upon obtaining relief for his particular disease, and dwelling upon each individual symptom.

Many marvelous cures are said to have been wrought by these means.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

and other people such as Divine Healers, etc., insist as a primary object that the patient shall place himself in a passive state and have faith in the effectiveness of the treatment. Nervous disorders are said to be especially susceptible to these modes of treatment.

## PERSONAL MAGNETISM

Personal Magnetism is personal trust, personal influence, personal power, or, in other words, it is Hypnotism modified and used ofttimes in every-day existence by persons in all walks of life.

How often do we see a person who is successful in everything, or, almost everything he undertakes. Who makes money, friends and a name for himself in the world by sheer force of character, "push," or, to call it by its proper name, Personal Magnetism. Analyze and study the lives of all successful and truly great men and you will find that the majority of them have risen to the positions that they have attained by reason of their ability to control or influence men's minds, to dominate their wills, and so influence them as to make them the rungs, as it were, whereby they have climbed over their heads to the topmost heights of the ladder of fame.

The editor of the New York *Journal*, in answer to a correspondent regarding Personal Magnetism, says:

"Personal Magnetism may be exhibited in many different ways. Through this quality a man, without saying anything in particular, may sell you a gold brick. Another man overflowing with it may persuade you to vote the wrong ticket.

"Some men carry it about with them in poise, gesture, action, etc.; others, in their conversation; and still others in their glance. Personal Magnetism, to paraphrase the late Mr. Cleveland, is personal trust, or, rather, a personal attraction. It is a most valuable quality in a military or naval leader. It is a sort of faith that often overrides judgment."

Personal Magnetism does not necessarily mean a commanding, overbearing disposition, for as the old saying goes, "You can drag a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." It is, rather, the power of gentle persuasion; of getting others to see things the same way as you would have them to see them. More is ofttimes accomplished by subtle and adroit means than by a domineering and bullying disposition.

(*To be continued*)

# THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

## PART FIVE

### METRAGRAMMATISM,

*The big word heading this chapter means the Art of Fortune-Telling by Transposition of Names*

IT has often been remarked, although it is a fact by no means commonly known, that the names given to children at the baptismal font joined by their family or surnames, and added to titles which may be bestowed upon them in after-life, often point out many circumstances and events which may befall the parties upon whom such names have been bestowed; and that if their parents had paid more attention to this part of Astrological divination, those names which were unlucky might, by due care and attention, have been avoided, while those of a more fortunate description might have been selected for their children, and have been rendered even still more valuable and fortunate, by being conjoined with others of a like nature. In order that our readers may have a clearer insight into this branch of fortune-telling, and which appears to have been strangely neglected by modern practitioners, we shall lay before them a few specimens of this admirable system of discovering the events of our checkered existence; and from a study of which they will readily learn how to avoid bestowing on their children such as are of a malignant nature; and, at the same time, perceive how the secret influence of the stars that preside at our birth, act in the minutest manner.

Of the antiquity of this science it is scarcely necessary to speak—it may, however, be as well to remark, that it was formerly in the highest repute among the astrologers of the early ages, and even some of our ancient English writers have not disdained to advocate its cause. One of these, the celebrated Camden, has in his "*Remans*" bequeathed to the world an excellent treatise on this subject. He refers the origin of this invention to the times of Moses, and conceives that it might have some share in the mystical traditions, afterwards called *Cabala*, communicated by that divine lawgiver to the chosen seventy. That this art was practiced by the ancient Egyptians there cannot be a doubt, as there are even now remaining several of the names of the Egyptian monarchs which have been transposed and fully point out the principal events of their lives. The Greeks also practiced the art, but we do not find any examples among the Romans, which is somewhat surprising, as their seers, astrologers, and sybils practiced almost every species of divination. Among modern nations, the French appear to have distinguished themselves for their proficiency in it, and which, Camden says, "they exceedingly admire and celebrate for the deep antiquity and *mystical meaning* thereof." Indeed, to such a height did that nation carry the practice of this art in the early ages, that there were kept lists of lucky and unlucky names, and particular care was taken when bestowing a name on a child, that such only should be given as could, by transposition, be formed into some fortunate signification. But this often failed, for even those very names which, when transposed, contained this fortunate signification; yet, by a second transposition, sometimes quite the contrary would be indicated, and thus

"Foil those who would have foil'd the stars."

Having thus introduced this subject to our readers, and fully proved its antiquity, it only remains for us to lay before them such specimens of the art as may enable them to practice upon their own names, and by so doing become acquainted with that principal occurrence of their lives, which may be for their future good or evil; and if the latter, by possessing such foreknowledge, by caution and good conduct on their parts, alleviate or prevent its effects. We shall take these instances from the names of well-known characters, by which it will be instantly seen how immediate is the connection between the name of the party and the principal event of their lives. And first with the name of Bonaparte, which is perhaps the most complete specimen of the art we could possibly lay before our readers, and if properly transposed fully shows in each transposition the character of the man, and points out that unfortunate occurrence in his life, which ultimately proved his ruin—thus

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
NO, APPEAR NOT ON ELBA.

In the name of Wellington we find this future glory perfectly prophesied—thus

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington.
LET WELL FOILED GAUL secure thy renown

And the like in that of Nelson—thus

HORATIO NELSON.
HONOR EST A NILO,

Which in English means "*Honor is to be found at the Nile.*"

In the name of SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, we find FRANTIC DISTURBERS, which fully prophesies the busy scenes of popular riot and disturbance in which he would be engaged.

In the name of the late lamented Princess Charlotte, we have another proof of the infallibility of this art—thus

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUTA OF WALES, P.
HER AUGUST RACE IS LOST, O! FATAL NEWS!

The following anagram on James VIth of Scotland, fully proves that his future fortune was predicted at his baptism—thus

CHARLES JAMES STUART
CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT,

and accordingly, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, he became James I. of England, and thereby possessed the throne which the name given him at his birth plainly foretold.

The above will be sufficient to instruct our readers in this very entertaining and infallible mode of discovering future events. It may be necessary to observe that some names will not easily form into separate words without the addition or subtraction of one or more letters: this is always allowable—for instance, K may be substituted for C—I for J—V for U—and *vice versa*.

These specimens will be sufficient to prove the infallibility of this art; and many of our readers will find, if they transpose the letters of their own names after the same fashion, that their future good or ill fortune will be thereby plainly pointed out.

*(To be continued)*

# CURRENT NEWS

## FREAK CALF BORN

A calf with seven legs, one of the most peculiar animal freaks that has come to light in this vicinity, was born on a farm near Sturgeon Bay, Wis. Six of the animal's legs are fully matured. The seventh is somewhat shorter and undeveloped. The freak was born in the center of Door County's dairying section, the owner being Carl Kroll, a farmer residing a few miles from this city.

## DREAMS OF DEVIL

"I dreamed I saw the devil standing beside my bed. When he said he was after me I thought I'd kill myself rather than have him do it," was the explanation offered by Bartel Sammarco of No. 27 State Street, Passaic, N. J., for having slashed his throat with a razor in his home the other day. He is now in Passaic County jail under observation as to his mental condition. Sammarco is a mill hand and about forty-five years of age.

## LAWYER WILLED TO BE BURIED IN BASKET

Samuel Tristram, a barrister, Worthing, England, who died leaving an estate of $100,000, directed that he should be buried in a wicker basket not more than two feet below ground in an unbricked grave in a country church yard. Also he directed that his body should not be removed for burial until a medical attendant had given a written certificate that a surgeon had severed the jugular vein.

Further the testator directed that no solicitor, stock broker, stock jobber or any future husband of his wife should be appointed a trustee of his will.

## MONEY IN BIBLE

The following story is being told in Hamburg about a most welcome find of money in a Bible, writes a Berlin correspondent: A business man, with a large and growing family, began to find himself in serious monetary troubles. His wife fell ill, and he was unable to pay. The debtor, in his distress, made up his mind to sell the family Bible. On turning over the leaves before taking it out of the house he found a sealed letter inscribed with the words, "To the finder." He opened it and found the following letter inside: "In the sure knowledge that man does not turn to his Bible to read the Word of God until he is in the greatest distress, I have placed $500 in notes between pages 141 and 142. Hamburg, 1879."

## ALL POSTAGE STAMPS INFECTED WITH GERMS

Drs. J. Diner and G. Horstman bought postage stamps at fifty different places and tested them for the microbes of disease. They report to the *Medical Times* that every stamp was infected, and it appeared to make no difference whether they were from a drawer or cash register or exposed on a desk.

Among the germs they found were such deadly ones as colon bacilli, stephylococci, streptococci, pneumococci and diphtheria bacilla. The editor of *American Medicine* comments that if postage stamps were as grave a source of infection as these facts might seem to indicate, a very large part of the population would be suffering from infections, as almost everybody is in the habit of licking stamps. The fact is that an examination of the mouths, noses and throats of almost all of us will reveal the presence of some or all of these germs at any time.

However, licking postage stamps is a dirty habit, and one that is quite easy not to acquire.

## PERPETUAL YOUTH SECRET IS FOUND?

The secret of perpetual youth and renewed vigor, the determination of sex and the curing of certain human diseases are some of the problems which, it seems, are being solved in the laboratories at Oxford by Julian Huxley, grandson of the famous biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley.

The actual achievements included the change of tadpoles into frogs within three weeks; the production of a new sort of creature; the restoration of a flatworm to youth, and the control of the sex of frogs' eggs, producing 90 per cent. of males at the will of the experimenter.

The *Daily Mail*, which makes this news public, comments in an editorial on the great possibilities of Julian Huxley's discovery and says:

"We seem to be nearer some of the hardest and most enthralling mysteries of life."

## A MIRACLE SHATTERED

Excitement among the people of Noveant, a small village near Metz, over the supposed appearance of the Virgin near a church yard has been calmed by an investigation conducted by religious authorities. It was said the apparition appeared at a certain time each day, seeming to stand on the steps of a little villa.

Father Bentz posted himself one evening at a point where others claimed to have seen the Virgin. He saw that two trees some distance away at sunset cast a shadow presenting a clear outline of a statue of the Madonna.

Bishop Ruch of Metz said: "We must not expect too many miracles. We have just witnessed one of the greatest miracles of all times—the return of Lorraine to France—and we can afford to wait a little while for another."

## SAND SINGS AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Prof. H. L. Fairchild of the University of Rochester and Dr. H. Carrington Bolton of New York found the sands at Rocky Beach emitting a high musical note one summer day in 1884. They collected some of the sand and took it home, where Prof. Fairchild put it in a large glass bottle with a cork stopper. A few years ago he opened the bottle and took out a sample, but except for that one instance the sand has been undisturbed for more than thirty-five years.

Prof. Fairchild writes now to *Science*, saying that on Dec. 2, 1919, he poured the contents of the bottle into a stocking and found that when quickly compressed it still gave out its characteristic high note, audible at a considerable distance. But since he spreads it out in a dry room and handled it considerably it has lost its sonorous quality.

## HOMEMADE WINE TOO STRONG

Mrs. Lulu Schambone of East St. Louis has filed suit in the City Court for a divorce from John Schambone. She alleges that pneumonia and homemade wine are responsible for her matrimonial entanglements.

In her petition she states that she attended a party December 1 last, where homemade wine was served freely. She had been ill with pneumonia and in her weakened condition the wine soon had her oblivious of her surroundings. Two days later, she says, she regained her normal mentality and found herself in St. Louis with her trunk and a man who said he was her husband. Schambone had a marriage certificate showing that they were married December 2 by Justice McChesney of St. Louis.

Mrs. Schambone says she took her trunk and went home, not being willing to continue living with Schambone, because she was divorced in East St. Louis September 30 last from D. Moore, and the Illinois law does not permit the marriage of divorced persons for at least a year

## GIRL A PRISONER 15 YEARS

Kept a prisoner in her own home in the heart of Manhattan practically all of the fifteen years of her life, a girl was discovered in a bedroom at No. 101 Third Avenue, New York, by the Children's Society. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Seres. Harriet can neither read nor write and is unable to stand alone. She is now a patient at Bellevue Hospital. The father is a laborer in the employ of the city.

Justice Levy in the Children's Court, after hearing the facts, said it was the most unusual case that had come before him.

"Can you add and subtract?" the justice inquired.

The child lost her smile. She looked at him with lackluster eyes and shook her head. She did not know what he was talking about.

"What is the biggest word you know?" he next asked.

"A, b, c, d," she repeated in a sing-song tone.

"Is that all you know?"

"Yes, that's all of it."

"Will you spell house for us?"

"C-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog; r-a-t, rat; f-a-t, fat," said the little girl. And when she finished she had rehearsed the extent of her learning.

Thomas A. Burns, an agent for the Children's Society, told of finding the girl in the Third Avenue room. She was clad in a petticoat, bedroom slippers and a dressing gown. She was inexpressibly unclean.

The agent said he had gone to the Seres home on complaint of the child's aunt. Harriet's mother, Burns testified, acted queerly. No attempt was made, he said, to conceal the fact that the girl had been held a prisoner in one room all her life.

George Seres said he had married the girl's mother nineteen years ago. Their first baby, a girl, died in infancy, he said. Since that time, he admitted, his wife had been "kind of queer and nervous."

## STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN MEMORY

A remarkable case of lost memory has been discovered in Lambertville, N. J. A man of middle age was found wandering aimlessly Dec. 22. He was in tatters and could tell neither his name nor the names of relatives and friends. Mayor Balderston put him in the village jail.

Two days later the Rev. T. J. Benzley, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, was attracted to the man's plight and took him to live at his rectory. He is deeply perplexed by his guest's mental state.

"He evidently is an Englishman of Oxford education," said Dr. Benzley. "He has a deep knowledge of medicine and surgery, and has told doctors many things they had forgotten or never knew. He is learned in research work, can play the organ with remarkable proficiecy and knows Gregorian music.

"Since he has been with me his memory is returning, but he is still very 'spotty.' He can remember normally from Dec. 26, but before that time there is a blank back to the sinking of the *Titanic*, April 15, 1912.

"He has described to me Magdalen College at Oxford and has a very dim recollection of having had a degree bestowed upon him. He has a faint memory of having been connected in some way with Prof. Huxley, the English scientist."

The man is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 164 pounds, has dark hair, brushed habitually back from his forehead, and has greenish gray eyes. He remembers having worn noseglasses, fastened to a broad black ribbon.

Dr. Benzley says he has written to the Church Times, in London, in the belief that the victim was a churchman. From other statements by the man, Dr. Benzley thinks that at some time he has lived in Mississippi or Louisiana. The rector has written to the Rev. Dr. Mercer Green, Coadjutor Bishop of Mississippi, in the hope of finding a trace of the man's past.

## WONDERFUL STAINED GLASS

In the cathedral at Chartres there are 1,850 subjects in 143 windows. York Cathedral has 117 subjects in one great window. Canterbury, Lincoln and Salisbury have beautiful examples of early glass.

There are many more in France, and often the same workmen had windows in different towns. They travelled in companies or guilds. In the event of an English military invasion of France they carried on their peaceful craft in England, and during a tranquil season across the Channel there they were.

It is of this epoch that subjects in medallions are typical. Circles alternated with squares to the full height of the window, each square having its story from the Old and New Testaments, with connecting patterns of ornament. The figures were smaller, of course, when so enclosed, but the orderly repetition of forms and colors and the assembling of so many pieces of glass resulted in magnificent harmonies carried aloft in varied courses.

The great number of subjects in Chartres Cathedral were made up in this way; indeed, Chartres is pre-eminent for Biblical legends in medallion windows. Glass of unusual thickness and radiance was used and substantial leading.

The modern awakening of interest in stained glass as a fine art is largely due to the initiative of the pre-Raphaelite group of devoted artists in England. About sixty years ago Edward Burnes-Jones, at the instance of his friend Rossetti, designed some windows following the early examples and in after years contributed many more to the art of his country.

Painted glass of European manufacture is usually of excellent finish. Under its native soft gray skies it is at its best. The brilliant sunshine of other lands tends to disintegrate its composition, especially in its black painted surfaces in sudden contrast with the glare of white glass. The details of its delicate grisaille often fuse in a cold, unpleasant glitter.

## A VALUABLE DOLLAR

The 1804 dollar is one whose value has not shrunk in these days of high prices and low powered money. In fact, the 1804 dollar is the most valuable of all. If you run across one of that date you may consider yourself somewhere between $1,000 and $2,000 better off, for the 1804 dollar is worth that much.

Just why the 1804 dollar is so valuable is a matter of uncertainty to numismatists. Many stories are told to explain the mystery. One is that the whole output of coinage was sent to St. Louis, then a frontier trading post, to relieve a money shortage, but that the carriers were robbed on the way and the money buried by the robbers. But the evil fate that so often overtakes those connected with buried treasure came upon the thieves. Some of them were killed, the chart locating the buried coins.

But the opinion of several other authorities is that the shortage of 1804 dollars is directly due to the fact that few were coined. Scott's Standard Catalogue, everywhere accepted by numismatists as something like a final word on such matters, inclines to the opinion that only about twenty of these dollars ever were struck off the dies. That the dies existed is certain; they were not destroyed until 1869.

The last 1804 dollar to appear came to light in Berlin in 1885. It was immediately taken up for $1,000, but is worth much more to-day. This rare coin is larger but thinner than the dollar of to-day. It bears the bust of Liberty, the national arms and the heraldic eagle. On the face side are thirteen stars with the word "Liberty" in large letters at the top. Efforts to counterfeit it have been detected, the counterfeiters using its twin, the 1801 dollar, and merely changing the figure "1" to a "4."

## NARCOTIC DRUGS WRECK YOUNG LIVES

More than 50 per cent. of those addicted to drugs have criminal histories. This is proved by the records of the Department of Correction, New York City. In a paper read before the New York County Medical Society, James A. Hamilton, Commissioner of Correction, said that although some had bad records prior to becoming addicted to the use of drugs most of them have gone into criminal life as a result of the drugs. He explained this by saying that those who have the drug craving are not sane or rational, and it is vain to plead with them to abandon the habit.

"There are the rich or social addicts, and the poor or slum addicts, the only difference between them being a matter of dollars and cents," said Commissioner Hamilton. "The former can afford the drug, while the latter cannot. Were the drug to be withheld from them you would find them pretty much alike."

And he went on to tell of a young man who told Dr. Lichtenstein, the physician of the Tombs, that the quantity of drugs he took in a day depended much on the amount of money he had, his doctor prescribing accordingly. He continued:

"Distracted parents come pleading for aid and advice. The complaint is always the same, i. e., 'If we only had known the first signs of this dreadful curse we could have saved the boy.' If parents knew the signs of the beginning of drug addiction they could have the victim treated immediately and cured before the habit became fixed. Once drug addiction becomes firmly established a positive cure is difficult, and the only way it can be accomplished is through institutional care and treatment.

"It is rare to come in contact with young men between sixteen and twenty-one years of age who are confirmed alcoholics. Compare this with narcotic addicts. The general rule is that the addiction is present mainly in youths from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. This is really the developmental age. Narcotics hinder development, and boys and girls are forever wrecked while still in a developmental period.

"Let us consider the rapidity of organic changes due to the two forms of addiction. Alcohol is slow in producing deterioration. The will power and moral fibre are not so rapidly affected by alcohol as by opium and its derivatives. As a consequence, it is quite easy for a person who begins to drink to stop abruptly without any bad effects. Even whiskey drinkers may take two or three glasses a day for months and stop abruptly without any pronounced after effects. Contrast this with opium and its derivatives. If a person takes these drugs for three months steadily, taking three hypodermics a day, he will become a true addict, and were he to stop abruptly he would show decided withdrawal symptoms. As a rule, addicts must increase the dose as they go along in order to obtain the desired results.

"One of the greatest points of contrast between the two addicts, however, is in the method of administration. Alcoholic stimulants are always taken through the mouth. Opium and its derivatives are usually taken by hypodermic or by sniffing. Addicts seldom take the drug through the mouth. What is the result? In hypodermic administration we find, as a result, abscess formation, ulceration and disfigurement of the body, because the addict is not particular as to the sterilization of the needle, or site of injections. In fact, many addicts push the needle through clothes and all. In some addicts of the drug, nasal perforation occurs."

## BOY IN A NIGHTMARE USES REVOLVERS

When Frank S. Kemp and his wife, of Danbury, Conn., retired the other night they left their son, Franklin, 19, sitting at the kitchen table reading a Sunday-school paper. He is a quiet, low-spoken "home boy."

An hour or so later they were awakened by shouts in their room. Franklin stood before them, brandishing two revolvers and then firing from them alternately. As the parents sprang out of bed, one bullet grazed Mrs. Kemp's forehead, inflicting a slight scratch. Then two more struck the father, one in the arm and one in the hip.

Mr. Kemp grappled with his son and was kicked, punched and bitten. A younger brother, Robert, also was struck repeatedly as he came to the rescue. Mrs. Kemp managed to get hold of one of the revolvers and rapped Franklin over the head with it. He did not seem to mind, but kept struggling with all three. It was not until she struck the boy squarely in the forehead that he seemed to come to himself. Then he demanded:

"What's happened? What's the matter?"

As he saw his parents' wounds he sank into a chair and wept. Then he said he must have had a nightmare. He remembered drowsing over the Sunday-school paper, and then, he thought, he was having a hand-to-hand struggle with twenty men, in which his life was at stake. He knew nothing more until he awakened after the blow on the forehead.

Although the parents believed his story and so told the police, the boy was arrested and held in $2,000 bail. He had to walk a considerable distance, it was established, from the kitchen to a pantry where the revolvers were kept. The Kemps say the boy never read novels and seldom saw exciting movies, although he did witness one several days ago in which some shots were fired.

## SALTON SEA MARVEL

The Salton Sea in the Imperial Valley, one of the natural wonders of the West, is constantly shrinking. At present it is about eighteen miles long and nine miles wide at the greatest point.

During the last five years the water is said to have retreated about a mile a year, leaving a salt encrusted adobe land, which is eagerly seized by homesteaders. Often their location stakes are planted far out in the water.

The sea, which lies 169 feet below the level of the ocean, abounds in mullet and carp, which local and Arizona capitalists are planning to utilize by the erection of a great cannery.

Of especial interest to the tourist are the bubbling "paintpots"; as the water retreats it is in a state of constant ebullition. Gases from some unknown subterranean source are continually finding escape through unseen vents in the bottom. Layer after layer of colored pigment is deposited. The retreating waters have left uncovered acres of this deposit said by experts to be fully equal to the dry sienna and umber colors, of which so much is imported.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," published semi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the city and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Luis Senarens, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—Luis Senarens, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; N. Hastings Wolff, 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1920.—Charles Warren Hastings. (My Commission expires February 18, 1921.)

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28 THE EVIL EYE, by Chas. F. Oursler
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# Cigarette Habit

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The lure of the cigarette is powerful. Is it the nicotine that is poisoning your system, making you nervous, heart weak, dyspeptic, eye strained and irritable?

Are you troubled with sleeplessness at night and dullness in the morning with you have doped yourself with the nicotine of cigarettes or pipe or chewing tobacco? They're all the same, you know.

Give your poison-saturated body, from your pale yellowish skin right into your pale yellowish liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

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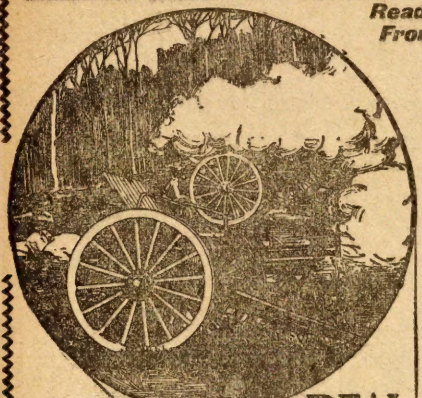

### Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

### Sold His for $10.00 and Ordered Another

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for $10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Schroth, Mandan, N. Dak.

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My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for $25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Breaky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

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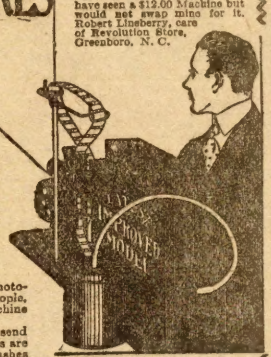
This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.



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**HERE IS** what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as *"Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"*—*"Washington at Home,"*—*"Battle of Lake Erie,"* etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 20-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected $6.00. Send the $6.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

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# To Men who are Bald or are Losing Their Hair

Let me tell you of my own case.

I was almost completely bald, and as I had tried many tonics, lotions, etc., without benefit, I expected to remain bald for the rest of my life.

But instead of baldness, I now have a complete growth of hair upon my head. This is all the more remarkable because I am 66 years old.

The way that I obtained a perfect hair growth was as simple as it was astonishing to me.

While traveling I met an old Cherokee Indian who gave me a pomade or ointment to use upon my scalp. Although my confidence was meager, I used this compound. He told me it contained selected components from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

This ointment contains no alcohol nor anything else that has a tendency to dry the hair, the scalp or the roots.

The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 10 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BB-101, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phraseology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.

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Your choice of **44 styles, colors** and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town.

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**TIRES** LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog.

*Rider Agents Wanted*

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**
**Dept. T188 CHICAGO**

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**The shadow** on this picture gives you an idea how she looked and felt. By taking **Oil of Korein** and following the easy directions she reduced 38 pounds in three months. Now she is agile, attractive, mentally alert and in better health. Reliable anti-fat self-treatment. Buy a small bottle at the drug store. **Oil of Korein**; it comes in capsules. Many women have reduced easily, lastingly, 10 to 60 pounds. Safe and pleasant method, endorsed by physicians. For free book of advice (in plain wrapper) write to Korein Co., NH-191, Station F, New York City. Show this to friends.

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### AS A PRACTICAL NURSE

This simple home-study, short course soon trains you. Learn how to recognize different diseases, to take temperature, care for patients, give baths, etc. Easily understood. Study "Nursing in The Home," by Dr. Lee H. Smith. This gives new improved methods, complete course, five hundred pages, only 50 cents. Send to-day. Money back, if not satisfied. No red-tape. World's Medical Press, 625F Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FRECKLES

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

## PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment.

**My internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, salves and other local applications give only temporary relief.**

**If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write to-day.**

**E.R. Page, 349A, Page Building, Marshall, Mich.**

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Looks like a real Plane in air. It glides gracefully as a bird. Will fly from 50 to 100 feet, depending upon operator. Great sport can be had with it. Can be used indoors also. It is beautifully marked in colors, Red, White and Blue. Will be sent complete with directions for operating. Price 20c; coin. Be first in your town to have one. Address MARVEL MFG. Co., Dept. 52 New Haven, Conn.

**FANCY BAND RING FREE.** Gold Filled, warranted 5 years. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 15 cts. for a 2 months subscription, and this Ring, postpaid, will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Sec'y., 6 E. 42d St., Dept. 12 New York.

## Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 679F Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

# LITTLE ADS

*Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.*

### AIDS TO EFFICIENCY

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

### AGENTS

**AGENTS,** make big profit selling our extracts, perfumes, cold creams, face powders, spices, medicines, etc. A beautiful high-grade line; exclusive territory; sample soap free. Lacassian Co., Dept. 259, St. Louis, Mo.

**DON'T GO THIRSTY:** Try my punches, Port, Blackberry, Grape, Cherry, Orange, Claret. Bottle makes thirty glasses. Delicious beverage 50 cts. Agents wanted. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

**$300 TO $500** a year is being made by scores of men and women selling White K Laundry Tablets. We start you free. Send for free sample and agent's offer. L. A. Knight Co., 144 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

### ART AND DEN PICTURES

**HIGH ART PHOTOS**—Beautiful Models in artistic poses. Send 10 cts. for miniature sheet and price list. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

**MAIDEN'S PRAYER; INTERESTING VIEWS,** postcards; ten, 15c; twenty, 25c; catalogue included. Steward Company, Providence, Rhode Island.

**ORIENTAL DANCER;** she does real Salome wiggle, sealed 25 cts. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

**REAL PHOTOGRAPHS,** sure to please. Send 25 cts. Hamilton Company, Barnes City, Iowa.

### COINS AND STAMPS

**105 CHINA, ETC.,** with stamp dictionary, 2 cts. Album (500 illustrations) 3 cts. Bullard, Station A20 Boston.

### FOR SALE

**SILK REMNANTS.** Largest packages yet offered. Square of stamped satin free with every package. 15 cts. Mfgrs. Agency, Portland, Me.

**FARM LANDS.** Big money in farming. Michigan's best hardwood counties. Good roads, markets, schools, churches. Only $15 to $35 per A. Small down payment; bal. easy terms. Biggest Company, lowest prices, best land. Write today for free booklet. M1268 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### HELP WANTED

**LADIES WANTED,** and **MEN,** too, to address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $25 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book explains everything; send 10 cts. to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Box 77, Tilton, N. H.

**SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVES AND DETECTIVES** are in demand. Earn big money. Travel everywhere. Fascinating work. Learn this profession by home study. Particulars free. American School of Criminology, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

**BE A DETECTIVE.** Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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**RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS;** Splendid pay and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for Book C. M. 101, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

**WANTED**—Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 134, Washington, D. C.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

**ELECTRICAL** Tattooing Machine, $3, $5 and $7. Catalogue free for stamp. J. H. Temke, 1019 Vine, K, Cincinnati, O.

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**SWEETHEARTS FISH LURE**—Makes Fish Bite Like Mad. Guaranteed. Box 25 cts.; Five, $1.00. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

**BOOKS AND PHOTOS**—Catalog FREE. United Sales Company, Springfield, Ill.

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**12 SONGS FOR $1.** In order to popularize our great hit, "DESERTLAND," retail price 30 cts. for a short time we will offer it and eleven other popular song hits postpaid $1. Offer limited. Send $1 today sure. Riviera Music Company, Room 129, Chatteau Theatre Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### PERSONAL

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

**LONELY MAIDEN,** 26, would marry. Write for picture. Box 156K, Syracuse, N. Y.

**IF YOU WANT** a Healthy, Wealthy, Loving wife, write me. M. A., 4214 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

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**MARRY; MANY RICH.** Particulars for stamp. Mrs. Morrison, 3053 W. Holden St., Seattle, Wash.

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**MARRY:** Thousands congenial people, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage, description, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

### PERSONAL—Continued

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**SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES.** Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., RKL20, Camden, N. J.

### SCIENTIFIC

**YOUR LIFE STORY** in the stars. Send birth data and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 840 East 55th, Chicago, U. S. A., Apartment 73.

**ASTROLOGICAL READING** given with Key to Health, 10 cts. birthdate worth $1. Joseph L. Devere, 123 West Madison Street, Chicago.

**CRYSTAL GAZING,** the craze. Send self addressed stamped envelope for free instructions. Prof. Zancig, Box 531, Asbury Park, N. J.

### SONGWRITERS

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We write music, guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 So. Michigan Ave., Suite 249, Chicago, Ill.

**WRITE A SONG**—Love, Mother, Home, Childhood, patriotic or any subject. Suppose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Merlin, 293 Reaper Block, Chicago.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

**YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We write the music, publish and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 South Michigan Ave., Room 147, Chicago, Ill.

**HAVE YOU SONG POEMS?** I have best proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D104, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

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**IF YOU WILL WRITE** the words for a song, I will write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Poems on any subject acceptable. Ethwell Hanson, Room 129, 3808 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

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**ST-STU-T-T-TERING** and stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 18 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

### TOBACCO HABIT

**TOBACCO** or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. $1 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC, Baltimore, Md.

**TOBACCO KILLS MANLY VIGOR.** Quit habit easily. Any form, chewing, smoking or snuff, cured or no charge. If cured, $1. Stops craving, harmless. Full remedy on trial. Perkins Co., B-51 Hastings, Nebr.

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